THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVI No. 5 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

F 1 - '43
TUSC LLEGE

WHAT WOMEN'S MAGAZINE D'YA READ?
by David L. Cohn

"LET THE PEOPLE KNOW"
by Norman Angell
Reviewed by Norman Cousins

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"
By Richard Tregaskis
Reviewed by Mark Gayn

"DEMOCRACY AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT"
by William H. Stead
Reviewed by Peter F. Drucker

Articles and Reviews in Music Book Section by:

Douglas Moore
Paul Henry Lang
Wallace Brockway
George S. Dickinson
Henry Dixon Cowell
Virgil Thomson
Chalmers Clifton
Henry Bellamann
Marion Bauer
Richard Angell

—SRL photo by Arni

NORMAN ANGELL helps to keep a global philosophy alive. (See page 5)

PRODUCED 2008 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW Books for Music Lovers

From wax cylinders to electric recordings

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND

By F. W. Gaisberg

For fifty years a foremost figure in the gramophone industry, F. S. Gaisberg now tells his fascinating story. In 1898, after helping to perfect the first disc record, he went to Europe where he persuaded celebrities to make the first Red Seal records. Patti, Melba, Caruso, Chaliapin are only a few of whom he tells delightful anecdotes. He travelled the world over recording the music of many countries and describes his experiences with humor and gusto. The rise of one of the great industries of today is revealed in this entertaining book.

"A gold mine of musical history."

—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS. $3.00

THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

Its First Hundred Years

By John Erskine

From the first concert in 1842 to the gala centennial year of 1942, the story of America's oldest orchestra is told in vivid and arresting style by John Erskine. Programs of subscription concerts from 1917 to 1942 are included and eight full-page illustrations. $2.50

Coming February 16

A NEW HISTORY OF MUSIC

The Middle Ages to Mozart

By Henry Prunières

***Introduction by* Romain Rolland**

This important work by one of the foremost musical historians of today is now presented for the first time in an English translation. From the origin of the Gregorian Chant through the centuries to the flowering of the classical style in the music of Bach, Haydn and Mozart, the book embodies all the latest results of modern musical research. Many musical examples add to the great value of this authoritative work. $5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • 60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

This Week

January 30, 1943

Features

PAGE

SRL GUIDE TO BOOKS ON MUSIC.....12-32

(Separate table of contents on page 13)

WHAT WOMEN'S MAGAZINE D'YA READ?
By David L. Cohn..... 3

Reviews

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW
By Norman Angell
Reviewed by Norman Cousins..... 5

ANGEL IN TOP HAT
By Zulma Steele
Reviewed by Allan Nevins..... 6

DEMOCRACY AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT
By William H. Stead
Reviewed by Peter F. Drucker..... 6

CRIPPS: ADVOCATE EXTRAORDINARY
By Patricia Strauss
Reviewed by I. D. W. Talmadge..... 7

THE GAUNT WOMAN
By Edmund Gilligan
Reviewed by Arthur D. Howden Smith.... 8

ARROWS INTO THE SUN
By Jonreed Lauritzen
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones.... 8

BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS
By Ira Wolfert
Reviewed by Raymond Holden..... 9

GUADALCANAL DIARY
By Richard Tregaskis
Reviewed by Mark Gayn..... 9

H.M. CORVETTE
By Nicholas Monsarrat
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt.....10

SCIENCE IN PROGRESS
Edited by George A. Baitsell
Reviewed by Waldemar Kaempffert.....11

Departments

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....11

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....22

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....33

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 462.....35

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB.....35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Anthony J. Passaretti, Treasurer. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVI, No. 5, January 30, 1943. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1943.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

What Women's Magazine D'ya Read?*

DAVID L. COHN

Popular magazines for women seemed to prefer the deadly dominance of the commonplace. . . . Just as *Godey's Lady's Book*, . . . stuck tightly to domestic sweetness through the military struggles and calamities of a civil war, so the popular women's magazines adhered to beauty hints and baby-tending during the course of economic and moral disintegration.—*Charles and Mary Beard, "America in Midpassage."*

AMERICAN women are avid readers of women's magazines—a strange form of journal composed of happy-ending love stories, recipes for leftovers, and globules of butterfat floating in the thin milk of pasteurized culture. It seems to me after an extensive and melancholy reading of a mass of these journals that their editors and night-club proprietors share one quality in common: a corrosive contempt for the intelligence of their customers. The composite editorial formula of these literary comforters is apparently based upon these principles:

(a) The housewife is an unhappy woman, so little spiritually robust that she could not bear the shock of an unhappy or life-like ending to a story.

(b) She must, therefore, be spoon-fed "the glow of satisfaction" that comes when Prince Cyril, having looked for a wife all the way from Azerbadjian to Xenia, Ohio, finally locates her working for a hatchery in Flemington, New Jersey.

(c) The housewife is outwardly priggish and rigidly moralistic, but since she is actually sex-starved and emotionally undernourished, she will lap up genteelly libidinous stories so long as it is plainly stated that the lovers are doing wrong in the first place, while in the second place the preacher beats the obstetrician to the draw.

(d) Women feel that every woman is (or can be) beautiful, loved, and worth twenty men. Since some day every woman will be beautiful, loved, and worth twenty men, never admit that today there are multitudes of ill-favored, unloved wenches who would give their eyeteeth to lay their hands on one man, fly-specked or sound.

(e) Grandma is dead. Today's old ladies are spry and daring dames.

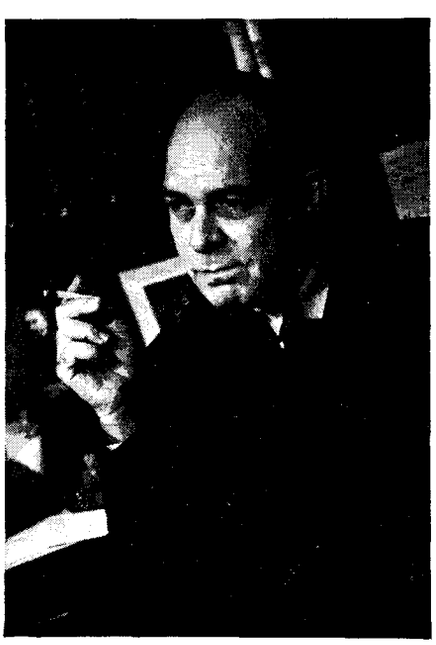
(f) Love is a quality of moonlight. Dark, rainy nights, it would seem, are conducive only to arthritis.

(g) Men are indispensable, but the fact is—between us girls— they are a pretty silly lot.

In the pages of these magazines, we see women leading shabby, stupid, vulgar, hypocritical, ugly lives; running from reality toward a cheesecloth dream world where forever and forever they may exercise their talent for the third-rate.

Heroes and heroines look much alike from story to story, from month to month. Ladies' heads are "like a golden rose on a stem," except that in the case of a really lah-de-lah heroine, her head rises "from the soft surrounding fur of her evening wrap." They have abundant locks; locks and locks of hair which is as "black as a raven's wing," or is "like the tassels of flowering corn with spring sunshine on it."

Their eyes are either "enigmatic," or they are "glimmering with dreams,"



—SRL photo by Arni

David Cohn: "A guy with store teeth can't make a woman's magazine."

while their eyelashes are "heavy fringes." The throats of these ladies are never still; neither are they ever convulsive. Ladylike, but still emotional, they are "pulsing" and "Grecian in contour." Lips are "tight-pressed and lovely"; "kissable"; with "an enigmatic smile on them." Hands (presumably because well-bred women use Droop's Soap) are long, delicate, sensitive, blue-veined.

General characteristics: Glamorous, adorable, embraceable, lovely, deliciously lovely, wistfully lovely, sullenly lovely, bewitchingly lovely, silken, shimmering, enchanting, impulsive, sophisticated, poised.

Heroes are handsome: "tantalizingly handsome," or "handsome in a mocking manner." Often they have "patrician features" and a "reputation for obscure wickedness." They are tall and inevitably have "lean flanks" and "strong teeth." A guy named Shorty, with hips, and a rack of store teeth, may be a hero to his regiment and the lover of a Countess, but he can't make a woman's magazine. Heroes also have lots of hair which the heroine rumples in a fit of abstraction, and eyes "as blue as the May morning." Once the hero has been charted in this manner, readers are eager to follow his trials and titillations.

Usually they are mild enough because women's magazines are intensely "moral." Nothing, under their code, is ever called by its right name for to do so would be both unladylike and immoral. If marriage isn't in sight at the end of the first lap the editors want to know why, and meanwhile almost anything goes so long as it is going toward holy wedlock. One of the favorite devices, for example, used to titillate lady readers is talk about the "man-smell" of the hero:

> Under her head Wilbur's shoulders had the familiar man-smell of tweed and tobacco and—very faintly —of hair tonic. She felt his arms around her, and she closed her eyes. She was utterly content.

High jinks in the wedding night chamber are also popular. The reader is invited to barge in and—within lim-

(*Apologies to *The New Yorker.*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itations—observe the goings-on. *The Ladies' Home Journal* and Nelia G. White, in "The Day," permit us to witness a typical embarkation for Cytherea:

Mr. and Mrs. Lorillard, antique fanciers, are spending their wedding night in Uncle Willie's Early American home —the one that has "the famous guest room with the mantel rimmed with glass pitchers and 'God is Love' sampler over the bed. . . ."

Johnny Lorillard made the bed over so that he and his wife would lie at the foot of the bed, and in response to her question as to what ever was he doing, said, "Just fixing it so that we can *look* at 'God is Love,' Mrs. Lorillard."

European writers and ill-bred American magazines often do better than this by their readers. They follow the newlyweds right into the bedroom and stay long enough to satisfy themselves and their readers who have already suffered agonies following the problem-beset courtship, that the couple are getting off on the right foot. Here we just have to take the word of *Good Housekeeping* for it.

IT is all very well for highbrows ("why can't they be human sometime?") to say that one of the great aims of literature is the enlargement and clarification of human experience. Real people, however—folks who don't stand around criticizing everything in sight and sitting there like a bump on a log with a lot of book sense but not a grain of common sense—give me common sense everytime—know there's more to it than highbrows ever suspected. So do women's magazines. In 1890, *The Ladies' Home Journal* told the world that a good book must have these qualities:

(a) It must interest you.

(b) It must show the bright rather than the dark side of life.

(c) It must glorify virtue in women and honor in men.

(d) It must make you feel that you are meeting real people who elevate your thoughts.

(e) It must be the kind of book that you can give your daughter; one which will point the way to a nobler life.

"This is a good book—and, my friends, there are hundreds of them."

This is also, by a strange coincidence, the formula by which much fiction for women's magazines is still fashioned. If it does not win the approval of critics, that is the fault of critics. But, for whatever it may be worth, the fact is that O'Brien's annual volume of "The Best Short Stories" for the years 1935 to 1941 inclusive, does not include a single short story from the pages of the Big Four —*The Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's.*

Since women's magazines undertake to instruct as well as to entertain, each issue contains a number of articles in addition to fiction, and thus the reader gets all the needed intellectual vitamins. We may look at a single number of the *Journal* as it appeared under the new editorial policy of Bruce and Beatrice Blackmer Gould.

> In the winter of 1937-38, when magazines were losing circulation, . . . *The Ladies Home Journal* changed its tactics on the assumption that women could be "aroused" to take an interest in public affairs if the *Journal* awakened them to a consciousness of great issues. . . .

In the light of these words of the Beards ("America in Midpassage"), we may look at a single number of the *Journal* as it appeared under its new policy of arousing intellectually sluggish ladies.

First of all, there is an editorial by Dorothy Thompson, "The Problem of Youth." "The Problem of — — —," school is frequently represented. It nurtures the illusion of the reader that she is a heavy thinker without committing her to the servant-girl drudgery of heavy thinking. Moreover, as a people we love problems. "Yessir, it's a problem," we say, happily shaking our heads.

A little culture—provided it does not get out of hand—harms no one, and etymologists have a field day reading "The Changing Language," by Norman Lewis. Here we are told how the meaning of *stink* has so changed that it now means a bad smell when it once meant any kind of smell; how *silly* was synonymous with blessed in the sixteenth century, and *nice* with *foolish.*

André Maurois contributes the "Art of Love" and impressively quotes Stendhal, but his essay is Dorothy Dix with a French accent for all of that.

Next comes Elsa Maxwell who is as familiar with the purlieus of Babylon as you are with the old picket fence along Sycamore Street. We learn some useful things: (a) The Jock Whitneys have at last become fond of Hollywood; (b) the parties given there, whatever you may hear to the contrary, are in good taste; and (c) practically *everyone* goes to Hollywood.

Miss Katharine Brush, the novelist, contributes an autobiographical serial, "The Time of My Life." Those who have read her novels are here permitted to peek in on some of the intimacies of her private life, and thus acquire that knowledge of an artist's life without which one could scarcely understand the subtleties of his art.

The title of the succeeding article is singularly arresting; even startling after one has plowed through the articles that preceded it. It is: "Are Dummies Born or Made?" by Albert E. Wiggam, M.D.D.Sc.

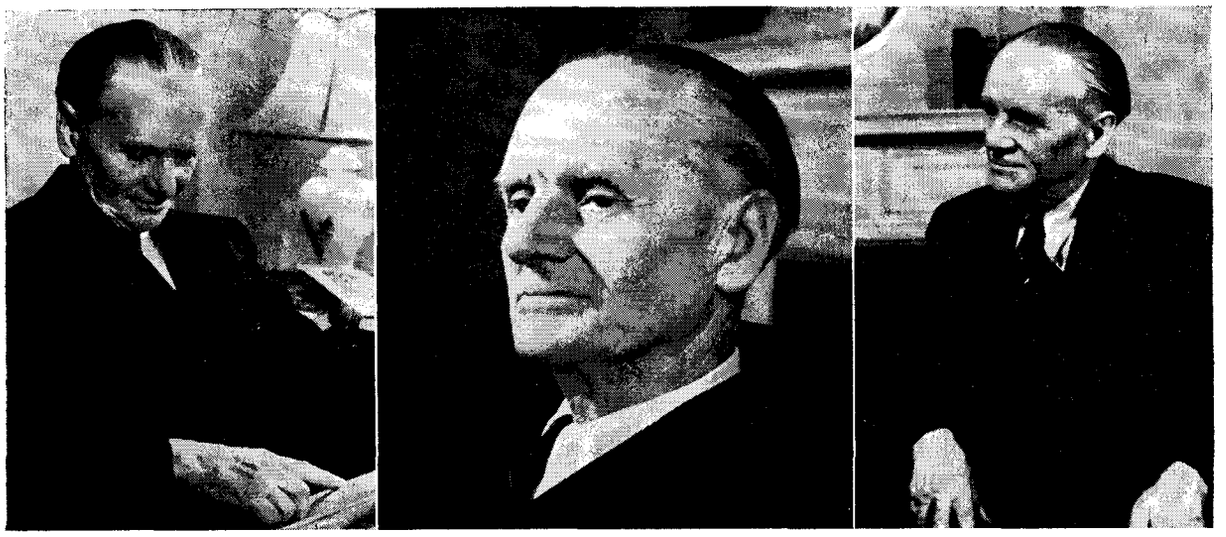
THIS issue also contains a series of papers on "How America Lives." A so-called typical young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, are surveyed from top to toe, with especial emphasis on Mrs. Chase. The reader is regaled with endless details of how they work, play, eat, dress, budget, and plan for the future; how Mrs. Chase, who is expecting a baby, does her hair. "Ginger (Mrs. C.) likes detective stories, reads Dorothy Dix's columns regularly, too."

After reading a large number of women's magazine stories, one reader at least, sighs for a mess of good old Russian novelist's misery: for pain, hunger, cold, disenchantment; for abnegation, renunciation, humility, compassion; for the reek of sweat, the sting of vodka, the belly-satisfying heaviness of black bread and cabbage soup; for men and women who fall in love and fall out of love again for no reason at all; for heroes, pockmarked and swarthy, who hang themselves in cowsheds and sway quietly above dung piles until they are cut down; for heroines who die on straw beds in Siberian prisons.

Unless you are a devotee of women's magazine fiction, you can stand just so many clouds with serial silver linings; so many pots of gold at the end of continued-next-month rainbows; so many bluebirds of happiness twittering their little heads off in building-and-loan bowers; so many trips to the altar winding in and out of halitosis and athlete's foot advertisements. You tire of the vacuity of the editor's "philosophy" injected into the tales to give them weight, in the manner that packers inject agar jelly into lunch tongues to add weight but not nourishment. You wonder if there is no beauty in the universe, no meaning in life, unless Boy marries Girl and they live ever afterward on sandwich spreads and the Planned Budget.

You are saddened when you think how many women living on a diet of women's magazines—fed but not nourished—fall victims to mental pellagra. You are depressed when you realize that those who swallow their fiction pills, undoubtedly feel a momentary glow only to be let down later. The saving grace, you reflect, is that the magazines supply an antidote against the ills they create. If the reader is let down by the contents she may turn to the advertising pages where beauty is to be found at the drugstore and the waning affections of an apathetic husband may be aroused by a lemon meringue pie whose recipe is provided by a thoughtful and lovesick flour-making corporation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The alternative to imperialism is a new Society of Nations. . . ."

"At the moment of Nazi collapse, Europe may be a blazing inferno. . . ."

—*SRL photos of Norman Angell by Arni*

"This must be the war of all the people, not merely of some. . . ."

A Primer for the Future

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW. By Norman Angell. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IF I had the time and money and a little assistance, I would like to hire a sound truck and play out, from one end of the country to the other, phonograph records consisting of choice passages from this book. For Norman Angell does more than merely let the people know; he tells them what they are waiting to hear. Not that he is whispering the sweet nothings of lulling optimisms. It just happens that Norman Angell is a prophet with honor, a positivist who can look the future full in the face, see what has to be done, and tell you about it with the straightforward persuasiveness of a man who speaks as though getting his message across clearly was a matter of life and death.

And because this book represents such clear speaking and clear thinking, it will serve admirably as a primer for the future, or, to be more specific, a primer for the future of the United Nations idea. It is a small book—fewer than 250 pages—but in it is to be found a rounded and integrated consideration of the numberless problems and questions in the minds of people everywhere who feel themselves caught in the grip of forces over which they have long ceased to have any control and who fear that these forces will become stronger rather than weaker. He also discusses the fears of those who seem more frightened of the coming peace than they are of the present war—those who fear communism, anarchism, inflation, economic chaos—who fear everything, in fact, except the consequences of their own thinking.

Norman Angell makes a frontal attack on this Gloomy Gus psychology. To those who cry that even if we win the war, Soviet Russia will win the peace, Norman Angell points out that this war has already left most of the populated portions of Russia in ruins; that the dominant question concerning Russia will not be how she can be held in check but how her peoples can be fed and clothed and their homes and factories rebuilt. To those who cry that America is fighting a war for Great Britain and that Britain will dictate the operation of a post-war world, Norman Angell says that that line of thought reveals either a monstrous inferiority complex or stupidity or both; the United States, because of her power and position, cannot help being the senior part in any post-war arrangement with Great Britain or any other country or countries, and what is more, the British leaders know it even if we do not. To those who are skeptical of the practicability of another League of Nations or organization of nations, he says it is no longer a matter of choice; the only question before us is whether we can make a good organization or a bad one; whether, in short, the machinery for international coöperation which will have to be set up by the United Nations, if we are to win this war, will also be the machinery which can serve as an excellent base of operations and which can be expanded if the parts are kept in good running order and not allowed to rust or deteriorate through neglect, disuse or abuse.

To those who complain that—but there is no point in continuing endlessly; for if your complaint has the faintest odor of a sour grape upon it, or anything to suggest a negative view, or even weariness, Angell's book is just what the doctor ordered. It gives you something to worry about, to be sure, but that worry bears a direct relationship to the danger of that very defeatism.

But the greatest value of Sir Norman's book is that it meets squarely the greatest problem of our day: how to keep alive a global philosophy not only in fighting a global war but in the making of a global peace. As the war progresses, it seems both inevitable and paradoxical that the spirit of nationalism, which is distinctly alien to the global concept, is bound to grow in intensity everywhere. As one by one the liberties and privileges and attributes we hold synonymous with democracy are sacrificed or invested for the cause of victory, the larger ideals may give way to the more limited feelings or incentives of nationalism. Preparedness for peace is no less important than preparedness for war, as Messrs. Hoover and Gibson pointed out in "The Problems of Lasting Peace." We shall be poorly equipped to do the job that is crying to be done if we come out of this war, as we did the last, in an introverted and nationalistic frame of mind.

This is the time for the people of the United Nations to lay in a big stockpile of ideas against the day they may have to be tried out and put to work; and you will look a long time before you will find anything between book covers that contributes as much to that stockpile as "Let the People Know."

It may be observed that there is not an adverse word of criticism in this entire review. If this means I have written a blurb, I hope I have written a strong one.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Deal's Central Problem

DEMOCRACY AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT. By William H. Stead. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

IF the major fault of the New Deal was its inability to develop a political philosophy, its major success was the training of a host of able administrators and the formulation of an administrative mentality and technique—probably for the first time in this country. The new administrators who have grown out of a decade of crisis economies and emergency agencies all possess an enviable technical training, a grasp of facts and an understanding of their meaning which rival the best the English Civil Service has produced. They have acquired a technique of objectivity which enables them to understand the positions and the arguments of conflicting factions; and all of them strive honestly to produce harmony out of the conflicts of beliefs and interests.

But the reverse of this administrative excellence is the absence of political training and political understanding. The New Deal administrator has no other index to decide what is politically important than the amount of political pressure brought on him by various interests and pressure groups. He has abdicated the decision as to what constitutes politics and has reserved for himself only the role of "honest broker." He also believes that there are no problems which cannot be solved by the "Round Table" method, provided the contending parties are of good will. In other words, he does not believe in political decisions and is not willing to make them. A public servant in the best sense of the word, he is not a statesman.

Dean Stead's book shows the New Deal type of administrator at his best, but also at his worst. It is probably the best factual study of unemployment during the last decade which has been made so far: non-technical, clear, objective, and fair-minded as well as comprehensive. No attempt has been made to oversimplify a complicated problem or to find scapegoats. Nobody who is interested in understanding the central problem of the New Deal should fail to read this book. And as an analysis of administrative techniques as developed during the last ten years, the study is in a class of its own.

But the book is far less satisfactory as a program for the future. For it avoids political questions; and after all, we now know that unemployment is a political problem which we can solve if we are willing to do so politically. In the first place, Dean Stead begs the question by asserting—without further documentation or proof—that unemployment will be the major post-war problem. There is no other evidence for this statement than that everybody says so. And one need not be cynical to suggest that what everybody expects to happen usually fails to happen. It is at least as compatible with the facts to say that unemployment is a problem of the past and that our major social problems of the future will be in a different field such as, for instance, that of social security or social status.

Secondly, Dean Stead assumes that there will be no radical change either in the basic balance of powers within the country nor in the pattern and technique of government. His cure for unemployment consists of an intensification of the various remedies tried so far. And if post-war America will be the same as pre-war America, with the same balance of power between labor, management, and government, his advice to increase slightly the dosage of proven medicines would indeed be admirable. But this reviewer cannot help wondering whether it is permissible to base what the author considers the major post-war policy, on the assumption that nothing will have happened between 1939 and the end of the war.

It is possible, if not probable, that this criticism is an injustice to Dean Stead; for his volume may well have been conceived as a study of the unemployment problem of the pre-Pearl Harbor period and may only have been focussed on the post-war period in order to make it more "topical"—a mistake which has damaged many a good book before. And it is certainly true that we cannot talk about the unemployment problem of the future without an understanding of that of the recent past—for which task Dean Stead's book is invaluable.

Reformer in Tails and White Tie

ANGEL IN TOP HAT. By Zulma Steele. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 319 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN his early career Henry Bergh was a Beau Brummell who was shocked to find that the American Minister in Berlin lacked "in a lamentable degree those qualities indispensable to an Ambassador at a *polished* Court," who urged his relative General Daniel Butterfield during the Civil War to "go to work and create a military despotism until that cursed incubus, universal suffrage, is destroyed," and who penned a newspaper letter declaring that the North could win if it would "eat and drink little, stop chewing, and bathe often." In other words, he was an aristocrat and a prig. Born to wealth, the son of a prominent New York shipbuilder, he married a rich girl, gave business a brief trial, and then spent his time and money in foreign travel. For years he must have been insufferable. He published bad verse, he thrilled to record that Prince Albert had bowed to him, and he made delicate people miserable by his passion for fresh air. But in St. Petersburg, employed as secretary of legation, he suddenly became interested in the overworked and overbeaten horses. Resplendent in gold lace, he would draw up in the avenues to order a mujik to stop lashing his steed—and the mujik would stop. Presently the eccentric Bergh was going into side streets to hunt up cruelties and put an end to them.

When the Civil War abolished slavery, the stage was set in the United States for a picturesque variety of minor reform movements: woman's rights, temperance, better charities, the Red Cross, penal improvement. Henry Bergh returned to America to become the champion of dumb animals. Perhaps the trouble with him in his two decades of elegant idleness had been that, disliking business and untrained for any profession, he lacked a vocation. Now he had one, and it made him a fiery zealot. The influence of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose work he knew through British friends, counted for a good deal; but the need for action in America was greater, and his activities soon went far beyond those of the British model. When on the night of February 8, 1866, he delivered a horrifying lecture in Clinton Hall on the manifold iniquities practised on helpless beasts, dozens came forward to offer their assistance. Two months later the New York legislature incorporated the A.S.P.C.A., clothed with ample powers; and a great crusade was launched.

Bergh arrested attention in part because his tall, gaunt figure, long face, and burning eyes framed in heavy black hair made him the very embodiment of a Puritan reformer; in part because he adopted dramatic methods, halting overloaded omnibus horses by seizing their reins, wading into the filth of abattoirs, and knocking down brutal men who resisted him; and in part because he soon showed that his reforms touched the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public health and convenience. When the S.P.C.A. proved that a great part of the city's milk came from cows dying of tuberculosis in underground stables, and much of its meat from cattle fever-stricken after long journeys without rest or water, people took more than a sentimental interest in the matter. They realized that sturdy, well-treated car-horses were worth more than nags beaten to hectic effort. They vaguely understood, too, that men who joyously cheered dog-fights, cock-fights, and rat-baiting might use their cruelty in more definitely anti-social ways. At any rate, Bergh's movement spread to other States and cities; and it saved the animal kingdom an untold sum of suffering. Horses tortured by burr-bridles, steers clumsily cut down by axes, hogs killed by being scalded alive, live pigeons shot from traps—these were all protected. Finally the Society even intervened to save small children; for when a gashed and starved mite on the East Side could be rescued from a harsh foster-parent in no other way, she was wrapped in a horseblanket and brought into court as an animal.

Miss Steele has told a striking story well. Her book is replete with detail on the barbarous side of American civilization two generations ago, and it makes of Henry Bergh a living figure, impressive even when unlikable. He met and defeated a host of opponents, from the "sportsman" Kit Burns to the showman Barnum. He left America more humane, and his work, still more needed than most people know, continues to go on in the present.

Meteor of British Politics

CRIPPS: Advocate Extraordinary. By Patricia Strauss. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1942. 423 *pp., with Index.* $3.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

ONE of the great mysteries of 1942 is the sudden political eclipse of Sir Stafford Cripps. For some two years he had been regarded by liberals throughout the world as the white hope of the people, the savior of a democratic, non-imperialist Great Britain. Even conservative commentators believed him to be the pivotal member of the War Cabinet and the logical successor to Winston Churchill. "If he (Cripps) should resign on a clear-cut matter of policy essential to the war effort," writes Patricia Strauss, "he might bring down the government. Certainly he would become the unassailable leader of the people and, so long as he retained that position, the most powerful man in Britain." Then on November 22, 1942 —within a fortnight of the publication of this biography—came the puzzling announcement of Sir Stafford's relinquishment of his post in the War Cabinet and his leadership of the House of Commons to accept a relatively minor departmental portfolio minus Cabinet status. Whether he was lured into a trap by the Tories or sacrificed himself to preserve national unity will not be known for some time. There are few clues in Mrs. Strauss's biography. Implicit in her writing, however, is the feeling that Sir Stafford will yet stage a mighty come-back.

Although Mrs. Strauss disclaims in the Foreword that her book is "in any sense an official biography," it is nonetheless a highly complimentary one. If Sir Stafford has any shortcomings, the reader won't discover them in Mrs. Strauss's book. The opening paragraph sets the tone of her biography:

> Sir Stafford Cripps's position in British politics is unique and unprecedented. Never before in British history has the Leader of the House of Commons been a man without a political party. Yet rarely has a man been a more direct representative of the people.

To what extent Cripps is "a more direct representative of the people" than, say, Bevin or Morrison is, of course, a matter of opinion but that he is a courageous and singularly gifted parliamentarian is readily admitted by Englishmen of all political stripes. Deep-rooted in the traditions of his family is a strong sense of Christian morality. For generations the Crippses and the Potters (on his mother's side) have been staunch advocates of social betterment. Both Sir Stafford's father and grandfather were progressive members of Parliament and his uncle is the world-renowned Sidney Webb (Lord Passfield), dean of the British Labor movement.

There is no soul probing or psychologizing in Mrs. Strauss's biography and very little is revealed of her subject's personal life. Her book is, understandably, first of all a political biography.

In following the meteoric career of Sir Stafford Cripps, the reader is introduced to the inner workings of contemporary British politics. Mrs. Strauss speaks from first-hand observation. She has been an active member of the British Labor Party for twelve years, has belonged to the Cripps faction of the organization, and knows all the ins and outs of the Labor movement. Every milestone in Sir Stafford's political life is recorded in detail, documented, and painstakingly analyzed—from his enrollment in the Party, brief

Sir Stafford Cripps

service as Solicitor-General in the MacDonald cabinet, the re-elections to Commons, leadership of the opposition bloc in Parliament, differences with the Labor party bigwigs and ultimate expulsion from the organization, to his ambassadorship to Moscow, mission to India, and the period preceding his withdrawal from the War Cabinet.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Labor Party was at the time the second largest political body in the country and on the verge of taking over the government, Mrs. Strauss feels that Cripps, in joining the Party, "was risking his profession and his health for his self-respect." There are several chapters in the book dealing with Sir Stafford's polemics with the Labor Party chieftains. Subsequent events have proved him correct on many issues, notably Spain, collective security, anti-Chamberlainism. On the other hand, his clamoring for a united front between three million Labor Party members and some 30,000 Communists seems somewhat farfetched. Nor is the reader convinced that Sir Stafford's ambassadorship to Russia healed the cleavage between the two countries. For weeks Cripps was vainly cooling his heels in Moscow. If the cleavage between Russia and England was "healed," the credit must go to Adolf Hitler. As for the Indian question, the author makes no attempt to reconcile the divergence of Sir Stafford's views in 1939 and 1942, as brought out in Shridharani's "Warning to the West."

Despite a tendency toward over-adulation, Mrs. Strauss has done a first-rate job of explaining to Americans the English political phenomenon that is Sir Stafford Cripps.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Evil Brood

THE GAUNT WOMAN. By Edmund Gilligan. New York: Charles Scribner's, Sons. 1942. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

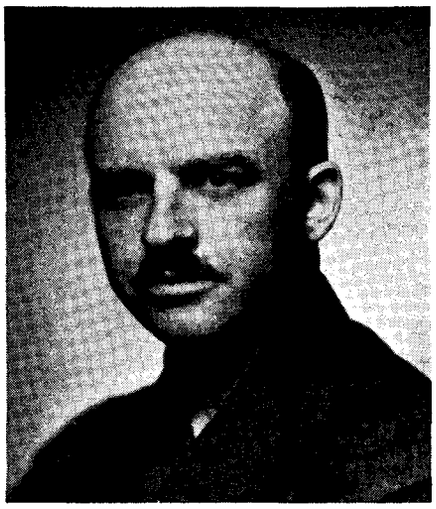
Reviewed by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

I SUPPOSE more men and boys than women will read this book, if for no other reason than that the heroine, the only woman in it, remains simply Margaret McLean, a name. She goes through the motions that we have a right to expect of a heroine, but she never quite comes to life in the sense that some of the men do, including Skalder, the terrible German, masquerading as a Danish merchant skipper, who supplies for the tale what show business calls "the menace." Skalder, even, is a little bit too terrible. Like all the other Germans figuring in a forthright, simple plot, he is a cut-and-dried character. All bad. If they aren't bad, they are yellow. Mr. Gilligan, and a lot of other Americans with him, has forgotten that there are Germans who are human beings. Well, perhaps that is one of the penalties of becoming involved in total war. And if we want to, I daresay we can blame the Germans for having infected us with their virus of hate. It's a pity. For we still read of an occasional U-boat captain who shows kindness, mercy, and compunction over what he feels he is compelled to do.

What Mr. Gilligan has accomplished in his novel is to take one of the most melodramatic aspects of submarine warfare, the role of the disguised mother ship, feeding her evil brood their essential diet of torpedoes, mines, and fuel. And he makes all this very real. He has a great and genuine instinct for the sea and ships. He can make you hear the slatting of a sail, feel the keen edge of a Banks squall blowing down off the Greenland ice. Beyond that, too, he does make you understand the bitter animosity—I prefer not to use the word hate—which decent seamen of the Merchant Marine and fisheries have for the slimy tactics of the submarine, striking always from ambush, heedless of the lives of helpless women and children, let alone the crews of the Bankers, who must fish to exist and whose existence is probably as precarious as that of a U-boat man.

Mr. Gilligan knows how to build suspense and action. He knows the mechanics of high explosives. From the hour young Patrick Bannon, master of the halibut schooner *Daniel Webster,* puts to sea from Gloucester, you have a sensation of impending doom, although you do not yet know of the existence of the stately Danish square-rigger, *Den Magre Kvinde,* the *Gaunt Woman.* And from the moment young Patrick begins to suspect the intentions of this stranger, plying off and on the northwest Peak of the Grand Banks, you know that his fate is entangled with hers, and you look forward to the later moment he penetrates the mysteries of her 'tween-decks. You get to know Holger and Skalder, and you acquire, I'm afraid, a little of this hatred the halibut fishers have for the green hulls of the "tin fish."

You get your full money's worth of seafaring out of "The Gaunt Woman"—it's tuppence colored. Storms, the destruction of a U-boat in the Trabo "tickle" by mines her own people have laid, and the final catastrophe which Patrick projected for the *Gaunt Woman* and the last of her brood. You'd have to go to Guadalcanal to equal it. It's a rousing, bloody, full-throated tale.



—*Pinchot*

Edmund Gilligan

A tale of how "Newfie" square-rigger men, and Gloucester fore-and-afters, circumvented the Diesel engine, the torpedo-tube, and the five-inch deck gun.

A Notable First Novel

ARROWS INTO THE SUN. By Jonreed Lauritzen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS is a beautiful, if slow-moving, book. It is a beautiful book because of the exquisite precision of the style in registering landscape, atmosphere effects, and the like physical elements of the Great West; and it is a slow-moving book because its fable is not quite rich enough to justify its length. The material of the story ought to have been told in about two hundred pages—that is, in the form of a short novel or a novelette. Willa Cather's "A Lost Lady," after all, takes only 173 pages of the collected edition.

To summarize a plot is not to review a book, but "Arrows into the Sun" requires that something be said of its story. This concerns Sigor, the young son of a white father and Navajo mother. The scene is the country north of the Grand Canyon, and the time is just after the infiltration of the Mormons into that strange and striking region. Among the Mormons is the heroine, Hallie, whose diary interrupts the flow of the author's narrative from time to time. In Hallie we are to see the natural woman in rebellion against the falsities of Mormon life; and since much of nature remains living in her, at long last the half-breed and the Mormon girl come together.

But the love story is almost outside the real interest of the book, so that one has a queer sense of being forced back to it from time to time. The center of the story is the problem of Sigor's future. Does he belong with the whites or with the Indians? Two primary forces pull him apart—his Indian mother, massacred by the enemies of his tribe, and his white father, a sagacious, philosophic man who looks ahead of immediate disturbances into a future when the white man will perforce have conquered but who refuses to take sides with the ruthless and fanatical of either party. And the appeal of the book is the author's penetration into a mind torn between the elementary and the affectionate. Here Mr. Lauritzen is both acute and sympathetic. He writes neither as a sentimentalist of the Helen Hunt Jackson kind nor as a primitivist of the D. H. Lawrence order. Neither, let me add, does he write like an anthropologist. Rather he assumes that Sigor possesses the dignity of human nature, that the circumstances of his life frequently insult that dignity, and that Sigor's moral problem is the ancient one of overcoming the mere satisfaction of vengeance.

Mr. Lauritzen seems to me a precise and beautiful stylist. It is said of the book that "Arrows into the Sun" has been written and scrapped three separate times. The result of this taking pains shows in the dignity and suppleness of the prose. Had the narrative been more compressed (for, alas, it is repetitious!) the novel would have been outstanding. As it is it gives us a writer to watch.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warfare in the Pacific

BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS. By Ira Wolfert. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 199 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

TO those Americans who, when they have thought about battles at all, have thought of them as deliberate, relentless, front-to-front combat between two opposing forces, the conflict which Ira Wolfert describes as "Battle for the Solomons" will be very hard to visualize and even harder to understand. In spite of the fact that we speak of it as if it were a minor engagement, it is actually one of the greatest and most extensive battles of all time. The field on which it is fought and over which the forces of air, sea, and land which take part in it must be deployed, consists of some 250,000 square miles of land and sea and a million or more cubic miles of air. It is a battlefield upon which are being tested tactics which have never been used before. The outcome of its events may greatly influence not only the manner and method of future warfare but quite possibly the future of the human race as well.

The numerical strength of our land, sea, and air forces in the region of the Solomon Islands cannot be known to the public and probably is not known to the forces themselves. There is another kind of strength which can and should be made known and it is with this that Mr. Wolfert concerns himself. His book is an account of action in the Solomon Islands area during October and November, 1942. Naturally most of the action took place on, above, or near Guadalcanal. Some of it consisted of Marines moving through jungles, like raindrops down a window, in the face of fire from Japanese machine guns and 81 mm. mortars; some of it took place over the sea, as in the case of Lieutenant Loberg's Flying Fortress which suddenly found itself paired off with a Japanese Kawanishi 97 and stayed with the Jap through clouds, rainsqualls, and burning sun, trying always to keep on the inside of every turn, pumping lead into him and being pumped into in turn, for forty-four gruelling minutes until the Kawanishi went down in flames and the Fortress returned to Henderson Field with three of its crew wounded, one motor out of commission, several great holes in its wings, and six of its guns shot out. Mr. Wolfert was in Lieutenant Loberg's plane. He manages to make the reader feel like one of its crew.

Still more of the action in the Solomons took place at sea. From Guadalcanal Mr. Wolfert watched that great mid-November fight in which the cruiser *San Francisco* distinguished herself. He saw the whole panorama of sea and air battle spread out before him but most of all he saw the Americans who were there doing a job, "the fellows" who "have taken a lot of abuse in the recent past from the newspapers and orators . . . and other warriors who were trying to scold and abuse and insult them into being tough about the depression, or food rationing, or soldiering. . . ." "But," says Mr. Wolfert, "all those words and insults and restrictions . . . don't seem to have convinced very many of them that there is anything done by any people or invented or manufactured by any people, that can keep an American from doing a job he really knows he has to do."

That is the publicly announced strength of the American forces in the Pacific and it must terrify the Japanese even more than what they do not know about our unannounced numerical strength. Mr. Wolfert has done a fine job of telling the world about it.

Ira Wolfert

Blood, and Sweat, and Pain

GUADALCANAL DIARY. By Richard Tregaskis. New York: Random House. 1943. 263 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

AMERICANS are fighting today at a dozen key points, from the Aleutians to Algiers. In some areas—Iceland, England, Africa—their number runs into tens of thousands. Yet, no place on the globe holds for the American public more deep and immediate interest than the Solomons.

Richard Tregaskis's is the story of how a band of marines forged this interest out of a strip of sand and jungle. Of necessity, it is a story of blood and sweat, of pain, weariness, and angry curses, of a craving to do the job well, and then rush home, to normal comforts and friendly faces.

The story is told in the form of a diary. It opens on July 26, 1942, with a Sunday service on the rolling deck of a transport headed for "somewhere in the Pacific." The entry on August 7 describes in detail the landing at Guadalcanal, the fear of Japanese treachery, and the feeling of great relief when it became apparent the Japanese had bolted. On August 21, it reports the battle of Tenaru—and the entry supplies the most striking chapter of the book. In September, in the Battle of the Ridge, Tregaskis notes one of his many escapes from death. The diary closes on September 26, as he leaves the island in a bomber.

Most of the book is a report on what Tregaskis saw with his own eyes: Japanese bombers roaring overhead and dumping explosives nearby; the chase of his tug by a Japanese submarine; the rush to a foxhole during enemy shelling; the advance through enemy-infested jungle; the sight of fleeing Japanese being picked off like ducks in a shooting gallery by marine sharpshooters. This insistence on reporting only what he saw both deglamorizes the war and endows it with reality. Tregaskis's battles are no glorious compounds of mass charges, brilliant strategy, and heroic phrases. They are rather a combination of bullets whizzing overhead, filth, thirst, a wounded man groaning nearby, confusion, fear, and the joy of knowing that it's your tanks making mince meat of the Japanese across the stream, and not the other way around.

"The Guadalcanal Diary" is an honest book. Tregaskis set out to tell in simple words what he saw. He does it without fanfare or stylistic embellishments. Yet, the book somehow falls flat. It's interesting, but easily forgotten. It tells of jungle warfare; yet, it produces no clear image of the jungle. It depicts life on Guadalcanal; yet, after finishing the book, it is difficult to reproduce in one's mind the picture of an average day in the life of an average marine on the island. The book would have been much more satisfying were Tregaskis a bit of an artist, as well as a first-rate reporter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind that dead-pan sign —

DANGER!
KEEP OUT

the plant lived its own secret, inevitable life, shaping with its metallic hand all the little lives that combined to make its entity.

Men and women gave up their lives, their vices and virtues to the plant, and in exchange received new ones. Sometimes they were glad, sometimes they were not; but always the plant digested and transformed the spirits of its slaves, quietly and invisibly, behind the sign that everyone disregarded.

Sinclair Lewis says—

"I don't know of any other novel that gets so deeply into this new and battling way of living that we call Industrialism."

You will want to read EDWARD J. NICHOLS'

DANGER!
KEEP OUT

Price $2.50
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Busy Man with a Ship

H. M. CORVETTE. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 169 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE best documented war in past history was probably that which centered around Napoleon; but except for Jonès, the three men of the Rifle Brigade, and John Nicol, that documentation comes almost exclusively from men with titles in front of their names and half the alphabet after them, and most of those noble lords are liars. The present unpleasantness bids fair to equal their record in quantity and to improve on it by a long way both in character and in quality, and the current volume is one of the better examples of why this is so. It is by a lowly figure of the British naval establishment, an extremely junior lieutenant of the "wavy navy" or R. N.V.R., who turned up at Clydeside

Nicholas Monsarrat

to take a post on a corvette—one of the earlier corvettes—then fitting out. He was an ex-yachtsman with literary tastes; she was a little tin pot with a tendency to roll on her beam ends at the slightest provocation, and they got along beautifully together.

Except for the boredom. Lieutenant Monsarrat was a busy man, of course, especially since the ship was so small that as Lieutenant (T), he had not only to double up as watch-keeper, but also to triple up as ship's medical officer, which is not done even in destroyers. But *H. M. Corvette* did pass periods of refit in port and in his navy the deck officers are not required or even allowed to fuss around the ship while the dockyard hands perform their offices. There were occasions even when he had the bridge when he made notes of things that struck him as worth remembering. The remarkable thing is that so little of it all was worth remembering, so much mere repetition of what he had done and seen and experienced a million times before.

They ran Atlantic convoys on which the food progressively deteriorated since there was no refrigeration, and "then beans set in and biscuits ominously labeled with the name of a firm which, in peacetime was famous among dog lovers the world over." They learned to pray for dirty weather in which submarines are at a disadvantage, and they got it—my God, how they got it, with everyone clinging to something every blessed minute even in bed, or taking a broken bone. They had submarine alarms and fires and saw fire on the water in the night, and one of their consorts was torpedoed with all hands, which produced a temporary shakiness the Lieutenant does not try to disguise. They picked up thirty-odd garrulous Chinamen from a lifeboat; they uttered futile imprecations at the *Focke-Wulfs* which dogged them all day from beyond gun range. They went down to Gibraltar, and with the temperature at three figures the steward served them meals of nice, hot pork sausage and boiled potatoes in their jackets; they lay in a roadstead while the town was blitzed.

And it was all unutterably, unspeakably repetitious and boresome, only enough of the new in over two years of war to make a book of less than 175 pages, even when part of that book is taken up by an account of actually tipping over a U-boat, a happy accident which, on the statistics of the last war, can only happen to one in every fourteen vessels.

Maybe it's different this time; one hopes so for obvious reasons unconnected with the fact that there are more U-boats and not quite so many hunters. But it has been computed that the average is twenty-five minutes of actual combat for every four years of war and it certainly shows up in this narration. In a literary sense the remarkable thing is that this boredom can be conveyed in a book which is never in itself boring. The monotony is all between the lines, along with a good many other things. It is becoming a cliché by this time to talk about the British spirit or to read wider meanings into straightforward narrative about things observed, so perhaps the subject had better be dropped at this point; much better get on with the war and hope Lieutenant Monsarrat wangles a promotion to a destroyer and gives us another.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Astrophysics to Sulfanilamide

SCIENCE IN PROGRESS. Edited by George A. Baitsell. Third Series. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 310 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

TEN distinguished scientists lectured before the Society of Sigma Xi. Their topics ranged all the way from astrophysics to the action of sulfanilamide, from the problem of the expanding universe to the fundamental aspects of photosynthesis (the process whereby plants with the aid of nothing but sunlight change the gases of the air into stems, leaves, starch, and sugar). Since the Society of Sigma Xi is composed of intellectuals most of the lecturers assumed that they could be as technical as they liked. As a matter of fact a Sigma Xi botanist does not know one fixed star from another, and a Sigma Xi physician who knows all about the sulfa drugs is as bewildered by the expanding universe as the policeman on the corner.

Though this third volume in Professor Baitsell's annual series is packed with important information it makes heavy demands on the reader because the authors take too much knowledge for granted. Thus, in his discussion of television apparatus and electron microscopes, Dr. Zworykin hurls equations at his readers, as if convinced that they still remembered their calculus; Professor Bethe in showing how the sun can keep blazing for thirty billion years by a very complicated process of transmutation, assumes that he has a class in physics before him. Professor Bridgman, who is the world's leading expert on the strange world of high pressures, where half a dozen different types of ice can exist—one of them intensely hot—actually rejoices in the unpopularity of his subject; Professor Franck tries hard to make concessions in discussing "Fundamental Aspects of Photosynthesis," but should have gone much farther; Professor Kirkwood on "The Structure of Liquids" finds it necessary to talk in mathematical terms; Dr. Mark goes into the structural mysteries of synthetic rubber as if all his readers were organic chemists.

The only contributions which will be readily grasped by the average reader of good education are those of Professors Harlow Shapley, Edwin Hubble, Lionel S. Marks, and Perrin H. Long. Dr. Shapley, an accomplished popularizer of science and a literary artist to boot, takes up his favorite subject of the galaxies in a way that is exemplary. Dr. Hubble almost matches him in a clear statement of the trouble that a universe which is blowing up like a soap bubble spells for the observational astronomer. Dr. Marks discourses interestingly on the new ways of generating power. Dr. Long takes up all the theories that have been advanced to explain why sulfanilamide performs its miracles, and this in a way that is not above the head of our imaginary reader of good education.

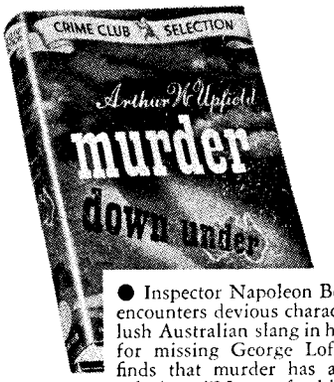
The Sigma Xi lectures are so important that they ought to be directed with an eye to their eventual presentation in book form to the general public. After all, one function of the popularizer is to make science so clear that even the scientists will understand it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TERROR *Dorothy B. Hughes* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $1.98)	"The So Blue Marble," "The Cross Eyed Bear," and "The Bamboo Blonde" in a popularly priced omnibus.	Impressive and eminently readable gatheration of the most important work to date of a worthy practitioner in contemporary mystery fields.	Very good buy
MURDER PLAIN AND FANCY *Garland Lord* (Crime Club: $2.)	Wisconsin spinster found dead by actress niece on midnight visit. Local ornithologist risks life to snare double slayer.	Plenty of eerie atmosphere, some good village character-studies, romance, engaging sleuth, and plot that jells a bit too suddenly.	Agreeable
DARK DUET *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	British counter-espionage agents Kane and Guelvada sadly reduce ranks of Nazi spies in Britain.	Spy-hunt through English countryside, with interlude in Portugal, basis of tough and effective hair-raiser.	A-1 Thriller

MYSTERY BULL'S-EYES from the CRIME CLUB:

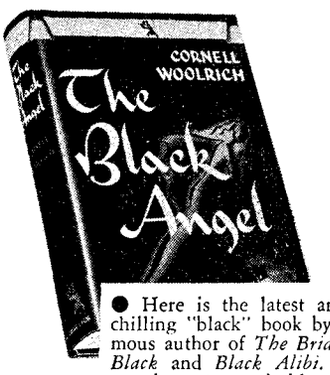


● Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte encounters devious characters and lush Australian slang in his search for missing George Loftus—and finds that murder has a double solution. "Most refreshing mystery to appear in a long time. This book which serves to introduce Australia's leading mystery writer is one to linger over." — *New Yorker. A January Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

MURDER DOWN UNDER
by Arthur W. Upfield

● A fast wartime mystery in which an ill-fated Englishman finds a practice blackout in America more deadly than London's blitz. "If you crave plenty of passion in a tricky and well managed plot, grab *Echo of a Bomb.*" — WILL CUPPY. *A January Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

ECHO OF A BOMB
by Van Siller



● Here is the latest and most chilling "black" book by the famous author of *The Bride Wore Black* and *Black Alibi.* It is a macabre story, darkly brilliant with terror and suspense. Don't miss it! Ready February 5th. *February Crime Club Selection.* $2.00

THE BLACK ANGEL
by Cornell Woolrich

At your bookseller's. **THE CRIME CLUB.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Editor
Norman Cousins
Associates
William Rose Benét
Henry Seidel Canby
Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
President
Published by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC IN WARTIME

IN the last war the appearance of a musical supplement to *The Saturday Review* would have been an absurdity. Music in those days, apart from the entertainment field, absorbed the interest of relatively few Americans in a handful of cities. So little did it matter to the public, that Wagner disappeared from the Metropolitan overnight with scarcely a protest. When Karl Muck caused a scandal by refusing to play the national anthem in a Providence concert of the Boston Symphony, the local editor proposed as a simple remedy the dropping of all such affairs as symphony concerts for the duration. Music didn't much matter, why not give it up?

All this was before the phonograph and the radio had so multiplied our resources that music was available everywhere. The American public, always impressed by mechanical gadgets, began to develop a taste for the good music which filtered into the programs. Today there are two hundred symphony orchestras in the country as a reflection of this new interest.

Schools and colleges, which formerly with few exceptions paid little attention to music beyond the London Bridge stage, now include the study of musical literature as a respectable feature of the curriculum, and have bands, orchestras, and choral ensembles of their own, often of remarkable excellence.

Books about music are more numerous and of better quality than in the last war, when beyond a few standard opera and symphony guides, most of the output was devoted to harmony or appreciation texts for the classroom. Now we have musical best sellers in the form of light essays for the general public and there have appeared a number of first rate scholarly volumes as an indication of the seriousness with which music is regarded by a sizable number of readers.

In contrast to 1917, we hear today of enthusiastic receptions given to symphony orchestras and operatic concerts at the camps. An organization formed to distribute libraries of standard records to army and navy units reports itself as swamped by requests. Naturally popular music is preferred by a majority of the soldiers and sailors, but there is every indication that the segment of the American public which likes good music is well represented in the armed forces.

I recently received a letter from a marine captain written from Guadalcanal in October shortly before his death in action. This man had been majoring in law rather than in music so his interest in the subject was not a professional one. The letter consisted chiefly of the enthusiastic listing of the library of symphonies and concertos which he had been able to take with him as far as the advance base before landing on the island. He spoke of being slightly weary of "the three D's of war, death, dirt, and discomfort" but apparently the thought of his phonograph collection waiting for him at the advance base was a satisfaction and consolation at the time.

Right now, along with the rest of the humanities, the study of music is classed among the non-essentials. The military usefulness of the profession is limited, if admittedly important, in the war effort. But in the large pattern of our contemporary civilization the influence of the art is an important one and as a growing force in the development of our national character it must not be neglected.

But music is not only an art; it is a large and thriving business subject to the usual attendant ills such as exploitation, unscrupulousness, and greed. The citizen who is vociferously aware when he is mulcted by the gas company or the chain store is easily imposed upon when it comes to the practices of a profession dealing in such intangibles as patterns of sound. Music like religion is popularly supposed to possess values far above the sphere of profane existence. It is received with an attitude of humility ideal for the activities of the charlatan and the exploiter. The public wants glamor and greatness from the art but is prepared to recognize these qualities only when it is instructed by those who "know." Unfortunately the music critics are quick to endorse European reclame but are often as timid as the public in making first-hand discoveries. The real mentors eventually turn out to be the managers and executives whose business it is to establish reputations, and who educate by the devices of high pressure publicity. We could scarcely get along without the business organization of music, and on the whole it is benevolently inclined, but if music is to grow and flourish in a healthy state we need a public capable of forming its own artistic judgments with a reasonably developed sales resistence to the arts of publicity and ballyhoo.

Many of the so-called tastes and prejudices of the American public are creations not of their own but are inferences drawn by the managers for their own particular purposes. Let us take only one example of how this works, the problem of the supposedly non-existent American conductor which has been the subject of several interesting radio talks by Deems Taylor in recent weeks. It is widely admitted that because of his prestige and influence in the community in which he functions, the symphony conductor is a leader of public opinion. With the increasing part that music plays in our life today, it might be useful if at least one or two of these privileged characters were Americans. It is certainly not too much to assume that an American might be more interested in and responsive to the tastes of American audiences, and he would surely be in a better position to understand the works of our own composers. But not one of our sixteen major symphony orchestras is conducted by an American, and the same is true of the Metropolitan, our leading opera company. Now this is not because there are no American conductors nor is it because the supply of first-rate Europeans is inexhaustible. There are at least two instances where a European with little reputation or even experience has been imported and placed in a position of great importance. The build-up which transformed him from a nonentity into a great public figure might reasonably have been conferred upon one of the many skillful American conductors which the radio has developed. But the merchants of glamor prefer to keep alive the ridiculous prejudice that there are no American conductors.

What music needs today is less goggle-eyed admiration for its celebrities and more understanding and conviction from its patrons. The profession is overpraised and overpaid at the top and suffers from malnutrition even in the middle brackets. When more Americans become capable of forming independent judgments and develop a mind of their own about the value of performances, compositions, or books about music, we shall have better music and shall enjoy it a lot more, because it will be more truly our own. It is to the growing maturity of our musical life and to our emancipation as free thinking lovers of the art, an emancipation at least equal to what we have achieved in literature and painting, that this musical supplement of *The Saturday Review* is dedicated.

Douglas Moore.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Language of Music

A New Vocabulary for Matters Musical

PAUL HENRY LANG

EVER since ancient times writers have had to struggle with the dilemma of discoursing about music. The ancients and their medieval colleagues solved the problem by ranging music among the mathematical sciences or converting it into philosophical parables. The Renaissance produced a literature in which the music of the spheres as well as Jubal's invention of music gave way to interesting and bold technical and theoretical conceptions. The baroque era began to probe the psychological and esthetic ramifications of music, with the late eighteenth century inaugurating a modern musical literature, joined in the nineteenth by musical journalism and musicology. Our own era has contributed to this long history two widely separated fields: modern musical scholarship and musical feuilletonism. Although the literature on music grew to vast proportions, the original difficulty of converting musical sounds into words with concrete meaning was not lessened; on the contrary, with the attempt of the romantic era to make music express definite ideas, plots, and actions, the complexity of the problem was only enhanced. Music does not and cannot express concrete things, for, as Schopenhauer said, it expresses the idea itself while the other arts present the image of the idea, hence the slogan that music is the universal language understood by all.

Cognizant of the limitations imposed upon their ability to discuss music, modern writers have often singled out technical details for elaboration into monographs, or have turned to biographies of composers and musicians, although some did attempt to synthetize the whole field in histories of music. Many of these works are masterpieces; it is significant, however, that we still have not produced a valid modern book on the opera, or on the symphony, or on chamber music, to mention a few of the many departments of music. The biographies are often excellent as far as a human personality is concerned, yet just as often inadequate when the musical works themselves are treated. The histories impress with their scholarship and panoramic view, but since they tend to segregate music from the rest of the world they often arrive at false conclusions. There is also the other side of the picture. While the historians, biographers, and the writers of monographs worked with earnest zeal, organizing and interpreting the material they collected at the cost of arduous labors, the so-called popular writer appeared and virtually annexed the field. Histories of music became uninformed tales of musical evolution in the biological sense, the biographies turned to adulatory, uncritical compilations fit for juvenile minds, and the monographs were replaced either by inconsequential musings on the "appreciation" of music, or by dry, unimaginative, and mostly futile textbooks on harmony, form, etc. The fact that in modern life music has become big business, ruled and regulated by the interests vested in the international concert industry with its code binding on composers, performers, and publishers, has regimented musical journalism which—with few exceptions—confuses reporting with art criticism.

The literature of the arts has its real aim in humanism. By this humanism we understand the quest for the explanation of man's aspirations, capabilities, and achievements; its purpose is to hold before man a mirror in which he can see the best and the worst; everything creative and everything futile that has passed through the soul of past generations. The modern world has tried to approach this humanism by calling on the sciences of psychology and philology, yet man cannot measure himself with the methods of experimental psychology alone, nor can he exhume the personalities of the past by a mere philological-technical interpretation. But the psychologists and philologists have a re-

MUSIC SUPPLEMENT — CONTENTS

DOUGLAS MOORE, PAUL HENRY LANG, WALLACE BROCKWAY
Guest Editors

Features

PAGE

THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC IN WARTIME
An Editorial
By Douglas Moore....12

WHAT BOOKS ON MUSIC NEED
By Paul Henry Láng....13

BUILDING A BASIC MUSIC LIBRARY
By Wallace Brockway....14

A SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS ON MUSIC PUBLISHED DURING 1941-42
By Richard S. Angell....18

FROM POISON TO ELIXIRS
By Henry Bellamann....20

Reviews

SYMPHONY THEMES
Compiled by Raymond Burrows and Bessie Carroll Redmond
Reviewed by G. S. Dickinson....24

THIS MODERN MUSIC
By John Tasker Howard
Reviewed by Henry Cowell....25

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PERFORMANCE
By Frederick Dorian
Reviewed by Marion Bauer....26

NOTES ON THE LITERATURE OF THE PIANO
By Albert Lockwood
Reviewed by Willard Rhodes....27

DICTATORS OF THE BATON
By David Ewen
Reviewed by Chalmers Clifton....28

THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS
Edited by David Ewen
Reviewed by Douglas Moore....29

SONGS OF THE RIVERS OF AMERICA
Edited by Carl Carmer
Reviewed by Virgil Thomson....30

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND
By F. W. Gaisberg
and
HUMOR IN AMERICAN SONG
By Arthur Loesser
Reviewed by Edward T. Canby....30

—SRL photos by Arni

Paul Henry Láng **Douglas Moore** **Wallace Brockway**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubtable competitor in the intuitive interpreter, the modern mystic, who envelops himself in a heavy fog of dreaming in which all sharp contours of real existence are washed away. The figures of the past are demoted to the mere means by which the writer's desire for artistic self-projection and playing with forms is gratified.

What, then, shall we do? We are undoubtedly at the end of a long epoch of intensive historical work which endeavored to present structural syntheses. In our turn, we are faced with the task of converting these structures of men and cultural territories into historical individualizations, a work which is by no means accomplished by the customary division into epochs or schools. The picture of past personages must be created, painted with a portrait art in which the most individual traits are saturated with the divination of those which are universal. The lines of development must be traced through the centuries in a manner that permits us to arrive at a biography of our own occidental art of music. But all this must not stop at the external phenomena of music, we cannot stay anchored to the merely monographic. No matter how important, the genealogy of materials cannot be the final aim of musical scholarship. We must continue the quiet, patient, and deliberate exploration of music, but our studies will gain in significance if we bear in mind that even in the microcosmos of a seemingly irrelevant detail one can glimpse the rays of a whole spiritual universe. And when it comes to the great creative minds, the individual, Plato, mirrors a whole Athens, and likewise Mozart embraces the wisdom of the better part of Europe's music. Not only individuals, whole epochs must be redesigned so that their animated life will elicit a rhythm in ourselves. Then all this history will become alive and exert a creative influence on the present.

But the old curse is still upon us; we still do not know how to write about music, hence the great latitude enjoyed by the legion of "popular" writers on music. The term is most inappropriate, for there is no worthier task for any author than to bring music, old and new, closer to the public. This can no more be achieved by counting the measures, naming the modulations, or enumerating the instruments, than by a display of the culinary habits, amorous adventures, misery, and triumph of individual composers. Therefore the first duty of musical writers is the creation of a new vocabulary for dealing with matters musical. We have to explain to people what makes a symphony symphonic, an opera dramatic, and a song lyric. This we have not yet done, but we have fair promise that it will be done.

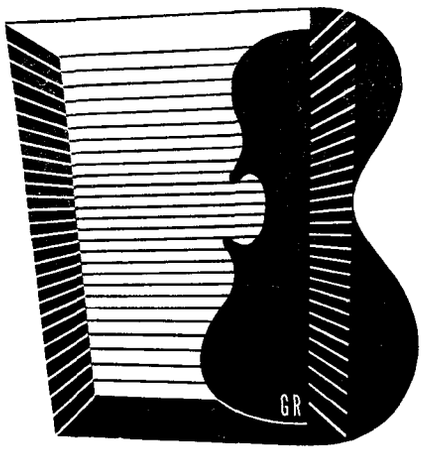
Building a Basic Music Library

A First Selection for Reading and Reference

WALLACE BROCKWAY

ANY list of books offered as a magic key to a door marked Music (or what you will) deserves to be sent back to the donor with a curt no-thank-you. There are extant no magic keys of that sort, despite publishers' advertisements. The following list of books, which has the merit of consisting of fewer than one hundred titles (the compiler being no Procrustes), is designed for the enthusiast of music who is willing to work hard to master the history of the art he loves. A knowledge of the historic ambiance of music is not merely useful—it is essential, but limitations of space do not permit me to offer suggestions about acquiring that knowledge. I assume an adult reader—as young as twenty (for I follow the Sieur de Montaigne) and as old as Tom Parr (if the spirit holds the fabric together and keeps the mind clear). I have tried to remember that adults deserve to be treated like adults: there are in this list no fictionized biographies, no "inspiring" orgies of appreciation like Rolland's "Beethoven the Creator" and Lawrence Gilman's "Toscanini and Great Music." To my mind such books do a disservice to music, being little more than exalted sales talks.

This list is offered as a first selection of basic books for a small music reference and reading library. It constitutes a Spartan diet, but for that I make no apologies. He who wants truly to know even the rudiments must prepare to become a lay monk. There are many delightful books on music that should not be missed, but they do not belong here. Unfortunately, certain delightful books should be missed; these plausible imposters are readily sniffed out if the reader has already passed through a stern school.



Many fundamental books on music are in German, French, or—more rarely—some other foreign language, but as these are not now easily available, I have confined myself to works written in the English language. Some of these are expensive; some are out of print. Several are additions to our common literature, and most are readable, though a few are contrived in unrelenting scholarese, making their subject matter doubly difficult. Finally, in the interests of a reasonable comprehensiveness, a number of titles have been included *faute de mieux*.

Just as every good general library should have a set of the "Britannica," a music library needs an encyclopedia as the cornerstone. Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" was once indispensable, but H. C. Colles, who supervised the third (1928) edition, produced a patchwork of new and old that took only partial advantage of the strides made by musicology during the twentieth century. The result was that Mr. Colles's hedging edition was dated on the day of publication. If I seem to have gone overmuch into detail about a work I do not recommend, it is because many innocents believe that "Grove's" is still the Bible of music history. Something of its old value may be derived by using the several volumes enumerated below.

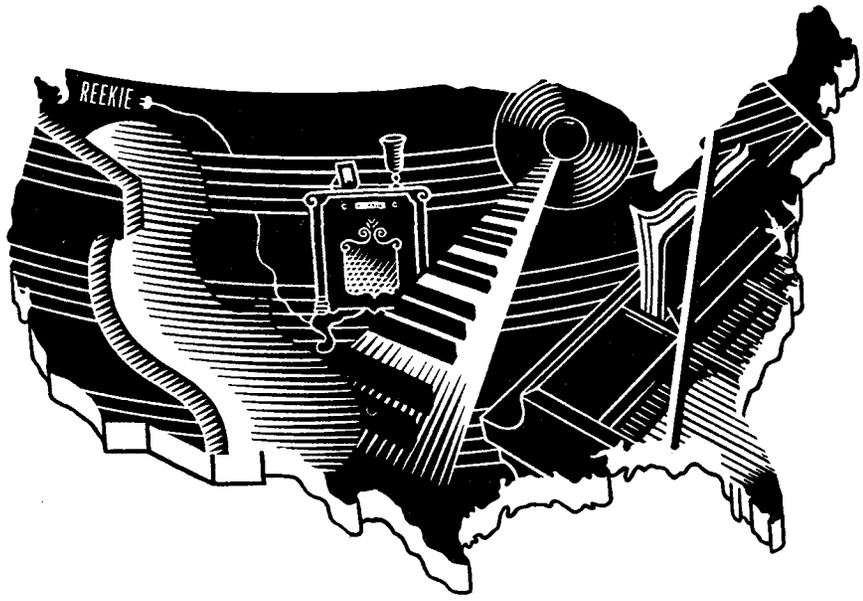
The first of these is "The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," edited by Oscar Thompson; the short items are intelligently boiled down, and the long articles, each signed by an authority, range from perfunctory to excellent. A revised edition is to be released on February 23. "The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," edited by Waldo Selden Pratt, is reliable and inexpensive but contains only short items. The latest (1940) edition of Baker's "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," edited by a corps of experts headed by Gustave Reese and Paul Pisk, contains much cleverly condensed information; its bibliographies are generous and painstakingly compiled. "A Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians," edited by A. Eaglefield Hull, lists many composers mentioned in none of the preceding volumes; the title has become a misnomer, for the book has not been revised since its publication in 1924.

The best survey is Paul Henry Láng's "Music in Western Civilization," which,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

besides basing its conclusions on wide reading, sound scholarship, and a profound thinking-out of basic problems, is brilliantly written. It is, in effect, a cultural history of the Occident, with music as the major, engrossing theme. A useful complement to Láng is Donald N. Ferguson's "A History of Musical Thought," which less boldly traverses a portion of the same ground; its scope is somewhat more modest than the title warrants, but for that very reason it may be a more palatable introduction than "Music in Western Civilization," which demands of the reader the most concentrated attention. Anyone who has assimilated Láng can proceed confidently to the reading of more specialized material, for he will have at least the basis for the criticism of outmoded points of view which might destroy the value of otherwise important works. An interesting preface to further reading is afforded by Warren Dwight Allen's "Philosophies of Music History," whose patient analyses are correlated with an excellent all-over grasp of basic problems.

THE spirit of the influential Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, a massively endowed Victorian scholar, lowers over "The Oxford History of Music" to such an extent that before tackling "The Oxford" the reader should acquaint himself with Parry's classic "The Evolution of the Art of Music," which states and applies with uncompromising, grotesque rigor the doctrine of evolution and progress in music. It is significant that P. C. Buck, in an "Introductory Volume" to "The Oxford History" (written many years after the original volumes and as a preface to a second edition substantially—and unpardonably!—the same as the first), apologizes tacitly for Parry's rigorism. The remaining seven volumes vary in merit. The first two, "The Polyphonic Period," constitute Harry Ellis Wooldridge's monument and grave, for the strain of finishing them impaired his creative powers and hastened his death. These, though by far the best (even in P. C. Buck's sketchy revision), of the Oxford series, are, because of the intrinsic difficulty of the subject matter, less rewarding to the average reader than some of the preceding volumes. In "The Seventeenth Century," Parry explores territory on hobbyhorseback. Volume IV, "The Age of Bach and Handel," from the pen of J. A. Fuller Maitland, the editor of the last adequate revision of Grove's, is somewhat more dryly written than the subject matter warrants. Volume V, "The Viennese Period," though a book of great charm, is often more suggestive than accurate—a failing characteristic of Sir Henry Hadow, its cultivated and versatile author and general editor of



the "History." In Volume VI, "The Romantic Period," by Edward Dannreuther, enthusiasm takes the place of critical sharpness and formal analysis. Volume VII, "Symphony and Drama: 1805-1900," by H. C. Colles, is adequate. Yet, despite its many shortcomings, "The Oxford History of Music" offers the knowledgeable reader an unrivalled field for correction and re-interpretation—in critical winnowing. As a typical coöperative project of late Victorian scholarship, it should be read and pondered.

Wooldridge's great work on "The Polyphonic Period" should be read along with Gustave Reese's "Music in the Middle Ages," one of the triumphs of American scholarship (though the presentation is grimly Germanic). Before meeting the overpowering weight of erudition displayed in these books, it might be well to read Edward Dickinson's sound but unpretentious "Music in the History of the Western Church" and Pierre Aubry's "Trouvères and Troubadours," a delightful essay by an authority. Of the many monographs on the masters of polyphony, only a few can be read by any but the most advanced students. Henry Coates's "Palestrina" is not the best volume in the Master Musicians series, ably edited by Eric Blom, but it is an acceptable simple account. E. R. Sollitt's "From Dufay to Sweelinck" is a brief conspectus of the important Netherlands school.

"A General History of Music," by Charles Burney, was completed in 1789 and is often dated in its conclusions and wrong in detail. The modern reader, brought up sharp by its evaluations, must remember the obvious truth that Burney was writing without the benefit of posterity's not wholly infallible judgment. This monument of the Age of Johnson is rich in musical examples and is especially full for the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The modern edition (1935), by Frank Mercer, in two volumes, is a slapdash performance. Sir John Hawkins left "A General History of the Science and Practice of Music" (1776), which Burney, the better musician but less careful man, deigned to ransack for his more readable production. A new edition of Hawkins is said to be in progress.

Every basic music library should have at least one biography of each of the great masters. The supply far from meets the demand. Charles Sanford Terry's "Bach: A Biography"—precisely what its title indicates—is the best of the many lives, while the two volumes of Albert Schweitzer's "J. S. Bach," translated by Ernest Newman, constitute the most mature approach to music. Terry's "Bach: The Historical Approach" is an excellent preparatory volume. The enthusiast would be urged to acquire the three volumes of Philipp Spitta's "J. S. Bach," but they are out of print and procurable only at great cost. A newly edited Spitta is a desideratum. Bach's greatest contemporary awaits a competent biographer, for Sir Newman Flower's "George Frederic Handel: His Personality and His Times" is not worthy of its bulk, being provincial, biased, and immature in its evalutions. "Purcell," by J. A. Westrup (Master Musicians series), is a small but good book on Handel's greatest predecessor in England.

"GLUCK," by Alfred Einstein (Master Musicians series), is a fact-crammed, authoritative volume. Although a definitive life of Mozart is still wanted in English, W. J. Turner's "Mozart: The Man and His Work" is a good introduction, but do not neglect the three volumes of "The Letters of Mozart and His Family," superbly ed-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ited by Emily Anderson. E. J. Dent's "Mozart's Operas" is an important book. Michel Brenet's "Haydn," though brief and dated, is thoughtful.

Most of the countless lives of Beethoven are not worth putting on the shelves, being vague, windy, or pretentious—and often all combined. The three volumes of A. W. Thayer's "Life of Ludwig van Beethoven"—out of print and expensive to pick up—are indispensable; Láng has called it "the ground stock of the whole voluminous literature of Beethoveniana." Walther Riezler's "Beethoven" is a satisfactory introduction. J. W. N. Sullivan's "Beethoven: His Spiritual Development" is a moving essay but is not quite the touchstone that cultists would make of it. A necessary adjunct to Thayer is J. S. Shedlock's two-volume translation of A. C. Kalischer's edition of "The Letters of Ludwig von Beethoven," the reading of which is a needed corrective to the apparently widespread idea that Beethoven's literary remains consist of the letter to the "Immortal Beloved" and the "Heiligenstadt Testament."

Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn lack adequate biographies, though a reasonably authentic portrait of Weber the man emerges in "Enchanted Wanderer" by L. and R. Poate Stebbins. Frederick (*né* Friedrich) Niecks's "Robert Schumann" is important. Schumann's "Music and Musicians" is valuable for the literary "programs" of some of his music and for his opinions of his contemporaries. Quite as revealing, besides being put together with more literary skill, are the various writings of Hector Berlioz, notably the "Memoirs" and "Evenings in the Orchestra," both racy and confessional in tone. There is now a good life of this great innovator: J. H. Elliot's "Berlioz" (Master Musicians series). Sacheverall Sitwell's "Franz Liszt" sheds light on Liszt's personality and on what can only be called Lisztian phenomenology, but it is quite uncritical. William Murdoch's "Chopin: His Life" is adequate; for the music James Huneker's "Chopin: The Man and His Music" is valuable, especially for comparative performance data. Walter Niemann's "Brahms" is probably the best of many studies; the two volumes of "The Letters of Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms" are indispensable. "The Life and Letters of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky," translated by Rosa Newmarch from the Russian of the composer's brother Modeste, remains, despite suppression of important facts, the essential book.

Francis Toye's immensely readable "Rossini: A Study in Tragicomedy" is not so thorough as his "Verdi: His Life and Works." However, both books are musts; so, too, is "Verdi: The Man in His Letters," which contains a long "Portrait" by Franz Werfel—unfortunately, Paul Stefán's notes are not uniformly good.

Ernest Newman, dean of English music critics, brought out his first book on Wagner in 1899; fifteen years later came "Wagner as Man and Artist," a magnificent study which belongs in every library. For more than a decade he has been working on a definitive life of Wagner; three volumes have appeared, bringing the story up through 1866. The new installment promised tentatively for the fall of 1943 will probably make two more volumes, assuming that the admirable fullness of the earlier volumes is maintained. The completed biography will deserve to stand with the achievements of Boswell and Lockhart.

Debussy's little book of opinions, "Monsieur Croche, The Dilettante Hater," should be read in conjunction with Léon Vallas's "Claude Debussy: His Life and Works." Cecil Gray's "Sibelius" is useful, though marred by a proselytizer's zeal. Stravinsky's "About My Life" is a curiously flat autobiography but is preferable to the various special pleadings which have done no great service to a better understanding of this controversial personage. Earlier Russian masters are discussed in M. D. Calvocoressi and Gerald Abraham's "Masters of Russian Music." The latter's "On Russian Music" and "Studies in Russian Music" are invaluable. Oskar von Riesemann's "Moussorgsky" is a distinguished study. Gilbert Chase's "The Music of Spain" has recently satisfied a much-felt want, a full quarter of a century after Carl Van Vechten supplied the hint in a stimulating book of essays with precisely the same title. "A History of Music in England," by Ernest Walker, is a good introduction, though its intense Britishness gives it the effect of special pleading. E. H. Fellowes's "The English Madrigal Composers" is excellent.

AMERICAN readers will probably want more books on American music than that phenomenon warrants. The two indispensable books are both by John Tasker Howard: "Our American Music" and "Our Contemporary Music." Go to these for the facts. Harold Morris's three pictures "Contemporary American Music," make far more stimulating reading but are, of course, necessarily very selective. Percy A. Scholes's fascinating "The Puritans and Music in England and New England" contains material on early music in America and is a corrective to the prevalent view that the Puritans were inflexible in their hatred of music. Oscar G. Sonneck's "Early Concert Life in America" is absorbing.

Everyone should read E. J. Dent's "Terpander, or Music and the Future" for a tolerantly skeptical review and prevision by a ripe scholar. Cecil Gray's "Contemporary Music" is an influential, not always enthusiastic book. "A Hundred Years of Music," by Gerald Abraham, analyzes musical trends and finds their analogues in literature and art. Constant Lambert's "Music Ho!", significantly subtitled "A Study of Music in Decline," leaves little but rags and tatters of some of the great names of modern times; read it cautiously. Nicholas Slonimsky's careful chronology, "Music since 1900," includes press reactions to certain outstanding compositions. Finally, though not about modern music, Ernest Newman's "A Musical Critic's Holiday" impinges on that territory by proving that composers are understood in their own times—a fact that should be remembered when the phrase "unrecognized genius" is aired. However, read cautiously, for Mr. Newman is—in this volume—rather careless with his facts.

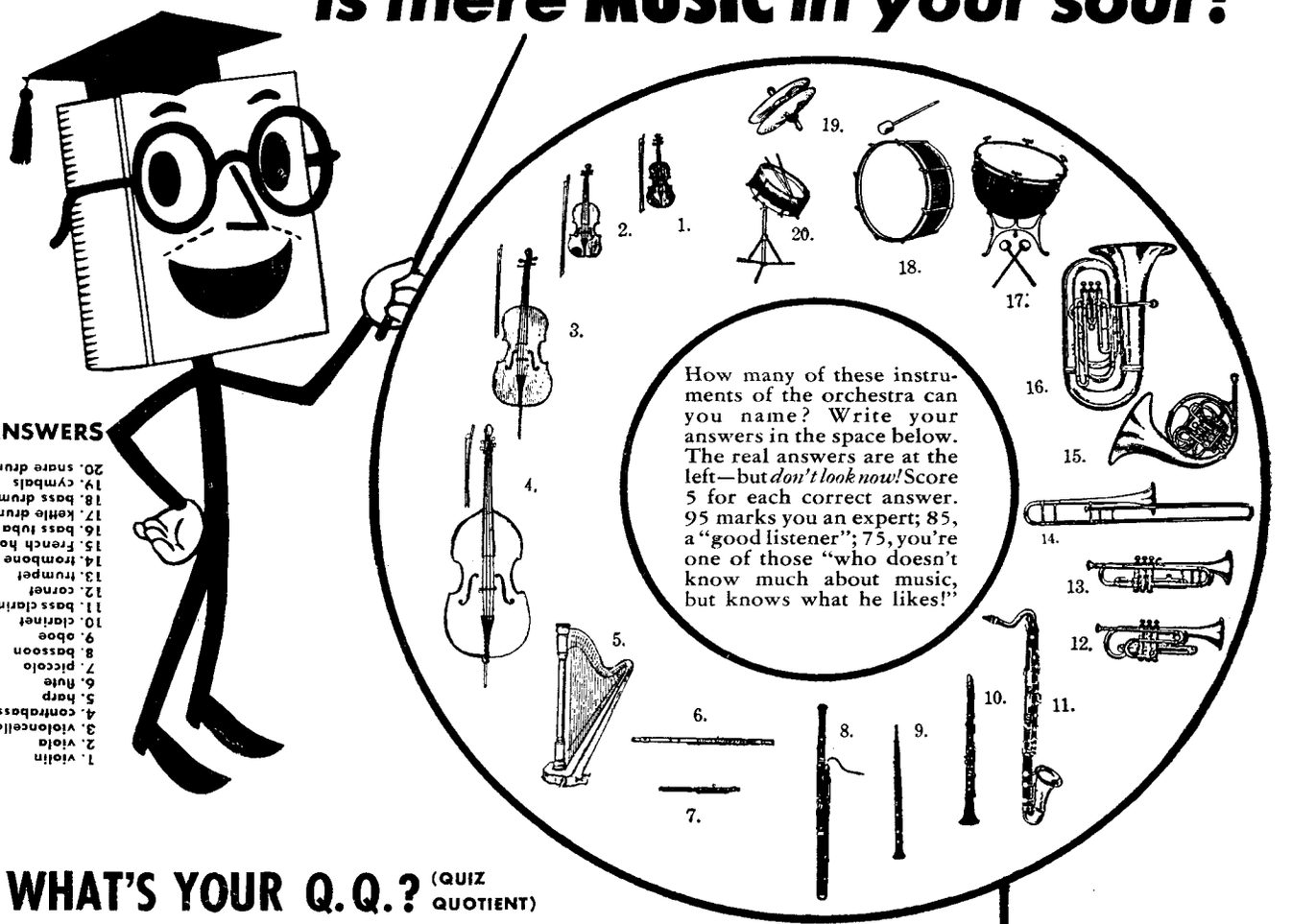
There are few good books on opera. E. J. Dent's "Opera" (written for Penguin Books) is brief but meaty; his "Mozart's Operas" has already been mentioned. Rosa Newmarch's "The Russian Opera" is a pioneer volume. Ernest Newman's "Stories of the Great Operas" contains the plots and analyses of about thirty standbys of the current repertoire and is easily the best of all such books. A section on opera plots in the back of "The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" can be used to supplement Newman. American readers will want Irving Kolodin's "The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1939," which is packed with lore.

"The History of Music in Performance," by Frederick Dorian, is the first book-length treatment of the subject in English, though every section cries for expansion; the bibliography is strangely skimpy. Yet, after reading Dr. Dorian's study, the critics of the past—and the present!—can be enjoyed more keenly, and deplored more intelligently. "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," by Henry Fothergill Chorley, the famous czar of the *Athenaeum*, and "From Mendelssohn to Wagner," by James William Davison, the equally powerful critic of the *Times* (London), should be on every shelf, though the latter book is hard to come

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANNY DICTION wants to know!

"Is there MUSIC in your soul?"



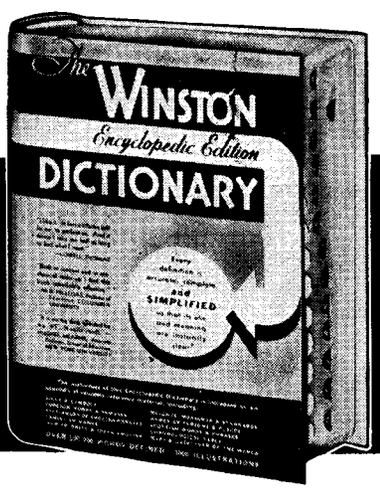
ANSWERS

1. violin
2. viola
3. violoncello
4. contrabass
5. harp
6. flute
7. piccolo
8. bassoon
9. oboe
10. clarinet
11. bass clarinet
12. cornet
13. trumpet
14. trombone
15. French horn
16. bass tuba
17. kettle drum
18. bass drum
19. cymbals
20. snare drum

WHAT'S YOUR Q.Q.? (QUIZ QUOTIENT)

All of these answers are found with full explanations in the WINSTON DICTIONARY—"the modern authority." Handy, complete, desk-size—it comes in several editions. (One of its editors is Dr. Henry Seidel Canby of the Saturday Review.) Write for a complete, descriptive circular today. (Editions: Encyclopedic, College, Home, School and Office, Winston Dictionary for Young People, Winston Dictionary for Children.) Big two-line key words save time and trouble—in all editions.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
1006 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The WINSTON DICTIONARY
AT ALL BOOK STORES

PUT ANSWERS HERE:

1. . . . . .
2. . . . . .
3. . . . . .
4. . . . . .
5. . . . . .
6. . . . . .
7. . . . . .
8. . . . . .
9. . . . . .
10. . . . . .
11. . . . . .
12. . . . . .
13. . . . . .
14. . . . . .
15. . . . . .
16. . . . . .
17. . . . . .
18. . . . . .
19. . . . . .
20. . . . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Musically First Rate"
—*The New Yorker*

A Treasury of the World's Finest Folk Song

By LEONHARD DEUTSCH

with explanatory text by Claude Simpson

Professor Douglas Moore writes in *The Saturday Review:* "It is difficult to describe in sober language the excellence and importance of A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG. For this is a good book, a very good book, and simply stated my advice is run (do not walk) to the nearest bookseller and order a copy now."

Illustrated in color by Emery I. Gondor. 430 pages, 9 x 12. $5.00.

A Seminar in Verse

Pro, Con, and Coffee

By Kenneth Wray Conners

"It is a very witty, charming book and it gives extremely good advice in these times."—*William Lyon Phelps* $2.00

HOWELL, SOSKIN PUBLISHERS,
17 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

by. These diehards are offset by George Bernard Shaw, whose "London Music in 1888-1889, As Heard by Corno di Bassetto" and the three volumes of "Music in London: 1890-94" are endlessly enriching, even when G.B.S. is patently and perversely wrong. "Concert Life in New York: 1902-1923," by Richard Aldrich of *The New York Times,* is an eloquent cross section of performance and performers during those artistically memorable years.

The six volumes of Sir Donald Francis Tovey's "Essays in Music Analysis" deserve a paragraph to themselves. Because they are the program notes of the Reid Symphony Concerts, which Tovey conducted, they analyze only those works which he chose to produce. There are no other program notes like them: it is Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. Of gigantic erudition and luminous intellect, Tovey discussed nothing without bringing to the surface its most obscure *raison d'être.* To read Tovey on some tremendous, only partly comprehended masterpiece—Beethoven's Third Symphony, for example—is to be ushered suddenly into realms of gold. The last of the six volumes, entitled "Miscellaneous Notes, Glossary, and Index," is not the least interesting; it contains some of his choicest *obiter dicta* in the satire work.

A few oddments remain to be fitted into a portmanteau paragraph. Alfred Einstein's "Greatness in Music" is a searching essay in esthetic analysis. Paul Bekker's "Story of the Orchestra" should be read before going on to Cecil Forsyth's "Orchestration," indispensable for understanding the use of instruments; the historical data are not always accurate. All but real hurdlers can skip Forsyth. Curt Sachs's "The History of Musical Instruments" is learned but readable. Walter W. Cobbett's two-volume "Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music" is far more expensive than an essential reference work should be, but acquiring it is well worth a sacrifice. Cyril W. Beaumont's "The Complete Book of Ballets" is a basic aid; no less so is "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (Historical Edition). Georg Kinsky's "A History of Music in Pictures" (new edition, 1937, with an introduction by Eric Blom) is invaluable. Finally, "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" is the most nearly complete guide to music on disks.

A final note: I do not feel competent to suggest fundamental books on Oriental music, light opera, folk music, and *le jazz-hot.*

A Selected List of Books on Music

Published During 1941-42

Compiled by Richard S. Angell

Music Librarian, Columbia University

Introductory Guides

BARBOUR, Harriot Buxton and FREEMAN, Warren S., "How to Teach Children to Know Music." 1942. Smith & Durrell. $2.50.

BARTON, Frederick Bushnell, "Music as a Hobby." 1941. Harper. $2.00.

COOKE, Charles, "Playing the Piano for Pleasure." 1941. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

FINNEY, Theodore Mitchell, "Hearing Music; the Art of Active Listening." 1941. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

MOORE, Douglas Stuart, "From Madrigal to Modern Music; a Guide to Musical Styles." 1942. Norton. $3.75.

O'CONNELL, Charles, "The Victor Book of the Symphony." Rev. ed. 1941. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

History and Criticism

ALDRICH, Richard, "Concert Life in New York, 1902-1923." 1941. Putnam. $5.00.

CHASE, Gilbert, "The Music of Spain." 1941. Norton. $4.00.

DORIAN, Frederick, "The History of Music in Performance; the Art of Musical Interpretation from the Renaissance to Our Day." 1943. Norton. $4.00.

EINSTEIN, Alfred, "Greatness in Music." 1941. Oxford. $3.00.

EWEN, David, "Music Comes to America." 1942. Crowell. $3.00.

LANG, Paul Henry, "Music in Western Civilization." 1941. Norton. $5.00.

SCHRADE, Leo, "Beethoven in France; the Growth of an Idea." 1942. Yale. $3.00.

Biography and Memoirs

ERSKINE, John, "Song without Words; the Story of Felix Mendelssohn." 1941. Messner. $2.50.

HANDY, William Christopher, "Father of the Blues; an Autobiography." 1941. Macmillan. $3.00.

NEWMAN, Ernest, "The Life of Richard Wagner; Volume 3: 1859-1866." Knopf. 1941. $5.00.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV, Nikolai ANDREEVICH, "My Musical Life." 3d ed., rev. 1942. Knopf. $5.00.

SCHAUFFLER, Robert Haven, "Fiddler's Folly and Encores." 1942. Holt. $2.00.

SCHOEN-RENÉ, Anna EUGÉNIE, "America's Musical Inheritance; Memories and Reminiscences." 1941. Putnam. $3.00.

VERDI, Giuseppe, "Verdi, the Man in His Letters." Ed. by Franz Werfel and Paul Stefan. 1942. Fischer. $3.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER, Bruno, "Gustav Mahler." 1941. Greystone. $3.00. With a biographical essay by Ernst Křenek.

WOLFF, Werner, "Anton Bruckner, Rustic Genius." 1942. Dutton. $3.75.

Essays

HARRISON, Sydney, "Musical Box." 1941. Macmillan. $2.50.

STRAVINSKY, Igor, "Poétique Musicale." 1942. Harvard. $2.00.

Modern Music and Musicians

COPLAND, Aaron, "Our New Music; Leading Composers in Europe and America." 1941. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

EWEN, David, ed., "The Book of Modern Composers." 1942. Knopf. $5.00.

HOWARD, John Tasker and MENDEL, Arthur, "Our Contemporary Composers; American Music in the Twentieth Century." 1941. Crowell. $3.50.

HOWARD, John Tasker, "This Modern Music; a Guide for the Bewildered Listener." 1942. Crowell. $2.50.

THOMPSON, Oscar, ed., "Great Modern Composers." 1941. Dodd, Mead. $3.00.

Opera and Ballet

ARVEY, Verna, "Choreographic Music; Music for the Dance." 1941. Dutton. $3.75.

BROCKWAY, Wallace and WEINSTOCK, Herbert, "The Opera; a History of its Creation and Performance, 1600-1941." 1941. Simon & Schuster. $3.75.

GATTI-CASAZZA, Giulio, "Memories of the Opera." 1941. Scribner. $3.50.

GRAF, Herbert, "The Opera and its Future in America." 1941. Norton. $4.75.

Musicology

HAYDON, Glen, "Introduction to Musicology; a Survey of the Fields, Systematic and Historical, of Musical Knowledge and Research." 1941. Prentice Hall. $4.00.

Harmony

ABBOTT, Lawrence, "The Listener's Book on Harmony." 1941. Presser. $3.50.

PISTON, Walter, "Harmony." 1941. Norton. $3.90.

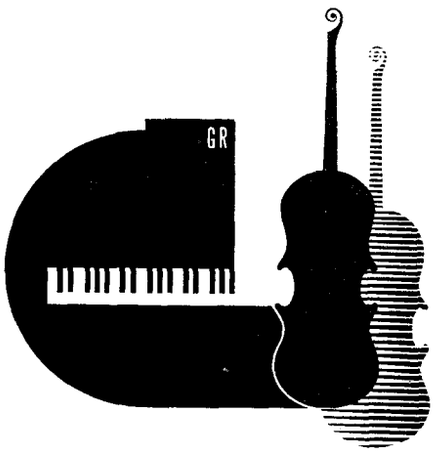
Songs and Song Collections

CARMER, Carl Lamson, "America Sings; Stories and Songs of Our Country's Growing." 1942. Knopf. $3.00.

COLEMAN, Satis N., and BREGMAN, Adolph, "Songs of American Folks." 1942. John Day. $2.25.

DEUTSCH, Leonhard, "A Treasury of the World's Finest Folk Songs." 1942. Howell, Soskin. $5.00.

DOLPH, Edward Arthur, "'Sound Off!' Soldier Songs from the Revolution to World War II." 1942. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.50.



GERSHWIN, George, "Song-Book." Special piano arrangements ed. and rev. by Herman Wasserman. 1941. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

GILBERT, Douglas, "Lost Chords; the Diverting Story of American Popular Songs." 1942. Doubleday. $3.50.

JORDAN, Philip Dillon and KESSLER, Lillian, "Songs of Yesterday; a Song Anthology of American Life." 1941. Doubleday. $3.00.

LOMAX, John Avery and LOMAX, Alan, "Our Singing Country; a Second Volume of American Ballads and Folk Songs." 1941. Macmillan. $5.00.

LUTHER, Frank, "Americans and their Songs." 1942. Harper. $2.75.

POLING, Daniel Alfred, "A Treasury of Best-Loved Hymns." 1942. Greenberg. $2.50.

SULLIVAN, Sir Arthur Seymour, "A Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan." Ed. by Deems Taylor. 1941. Simon & Schuster. $5.00.

Phonograph Records

GAISBERG, Fred W., "The Music Goes Round." 1942. Macmillan. $3.00.

"THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC." New rev. ed. 1942. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

HAGGIN, Bernard H., "Music on Records; a New Guide to the Music, the Performance, the Recordings." 1941. Knopf. $2.00.

HALL, David, "The Record Book; a Music Lover's Guide to the World of the Phonograph." New, enl. ed. with supplement. 1941. Smith & Durrell. $3.75.

KOLODIN, Irving, "A Guide to Recorded Music." 1941. Doubleday. $3.00.

SMITH, Charles Edward *et al*, "The Jazz Record Book." 1942. Smith & Durrell. $3.50.

A special, annotated bibliography of young people's books on music is available for SRL readers. This "basic" library, containing 125 suggestions, will be sent upon request.

MUSIC "BOOKS THAT LIVE" FROM

Norton

FROM MADRIGAL TO MODERN MUSIC

A Guide to Musical Style

By Douglas Moore. "Of marked distinction . . . a stimulating genial companion and guide. No more significant gift could be offered to the thoughtful reader about music."—*The Saturday Review.*

With index, $3.75

◆

MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION

By Paul Henry Lang. "Not since Burney and Hawkins back in 1776 has there been anything in the English language to compare with Lang's colossal achievement."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $5.00

◆

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PERFORMANCE

The Art of Musical Interpretation

By Frederick Dorian. A revealing guide to the true relation between the creative and the interpretative artist—the first book to answer the questions: What are the interpreter's rights? What are his limits? Illustrated. $4.00

◆

THE OPERA AND ITS FUTURE IN AMERICA

By Herbert Graf. The Stage Director of the Metropolitan Opera Ass'n traces Opera from classic Greece to the present, and foretells its exciting future. "Chock full of revealing sketches, paintings, prints, photos and diagrams."—*N. Y. Times.* $4.75

◆

HARMONY

By Walter Piston. A Professor of Music at Harvard writes a serious study of harmony that is indispensable to musicians in all fields of the art, whether they be composers, performers, conductors, critics or teachers. $3.90

◆

THE MUSIC OF SPAIN

By Gilbert Chase. "Mr. Chase's most welcome volume will do much to enlighten us about the part Spain played. A distinguished and readable contribution to American musicology."—*The Saturday Review.* $4.00

W. W. NORTON & CO.

70 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE FINE COLLECTIONS OF PLAYABLE SONGS

SONGS of the RIVERS of AMERICA

Edited by **CARL CARMER**

with music arranged by **DR. ALBERT SIRMAY**

THESE are the songs which have been sung up and down the Rivers of America for the past hundred years. "A collection in which every singing American can take pleasure."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illus. $3.50

SOUND OFF!

SOLDIER SONGS FROM THE REVOLUTION TO WORLD WAR II

By **EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH**

with music arranged by **PHILIP EGNER**

"THIS is a whale of a book. Fun to read, a tuneful, historical record, and, coupled with a piano, should bring hours of noisy enjoyment to army or civilian groups."—*Boston Post.* Illus. $3.50

SING A SONG OF AMERICANS

By **ROSEMARY AND STEPHEN VINCENT BENET**

Music by **ARNOLD SHAW**

FIFTEEN sparkling songs about famous Americans. "Grand music, with a swing and melody that exactly suits each particular subject." —*El Paso Times.* Illus. $2.25

FOR YOUR PERMANENT MUSICAL BOOKSHELF

APPROACH TO MUSIC

By **LAWRENCE ABBOTT**

Foreword by **WALTER DAMROSCH**

"Intelligible and helpful . . . He ties music up with painting, literature and the other arts."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.50

WAGNER'S OPERAS

By **LAWRENCE GILMAN**

"Gilman eloquently finds the glories of Wagner's music."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* $2.50

TOSCANINI AND GREAT MUSIC

By **LAWRENCE GILMAN**

"I know nothing quite like it in musical criticism."—*John Erskine.* $2.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

From Poison to Elixirs

The Wide Range of Quality in Music Criticism

HENRY BELLAMANN

IF you are a music critic you are permitted to say that Mr. Unglaublicherklavierklopfer is a bad pianist, that his readings are unintelligent, his fingers clumsy, his taste beyond hope, and that he should play for his friends, never for the public. But, if you are writing a brief opinion of the present status of music criticism the editor won't permit you to say that Mr. So-and-so is a feeble, futile, frustrated composer and is compensating himself by drubbing better men, or that he is a side-line teacher of singing or violin, praising where his blackmail has succeeded, blaming where it has failed, or that he is a pseudo-musicologist blowing up a fine dust of second-hand erudition to obscure his lack of sensitivity and understanding. No: the editor won't let you do that.

This should be a book, and not an article. It should be a treatise on the relation of music to the human spirit, and the function (if any) of the music critic in establishing that relationship. It should have space to lift hosannas to some two or three men who eased the forward march of musical understanding by able writing, it should have elbow room for the accurate placing of a choice selection of hand grenades.

We have had some good music critics, we still have one or two or three. We have had some frightful ones—we still have.

There is a touchstone. You can read a criticism and ask: Does this serve music? If it doesn't, it is bad and, likely enough, vicious criticism.

If the criticism does not serve music, what is being served? Most often it is the critic. When you see that written large between the lines, turn the page.

Bad critics have always fallen rather neatly into a few categories. There is first the frustrated one—frustrated composer, performer, or writer. This one is the prima-donna critic. By his point of view you shall know him.

Then there is the statistical, historical, musicological one. Very learned. He is writing what the musician already knows, and what the layman can't understand.

There is the "fine writer." Polished like a shiny sleeve. Mixed Rolland, Calvocaressi, with a soupçon of Maeterlinck. Tells you that Zimbalist, or who-ever, is a celebrant of authentic mysteries. "Once in a purple twilight —"

There is the wit. Prefers a wisecrack, at any poor devil's expense, to a truthful report—if he could make one.

I do not speak of the merely incompetent. It remained for 1942 to exhibit a first line critic reporting that a violinist "played the Bach Chaconne without piano accompaniment."

Does this serve music? What goes on? *Listen, Mr. Critic, what happened last night in the concert hall?* Tell me that. If you can't, will you please understand that we don't want to know what is going on in you?

Mr. William J. Henderson used to tell us what happened last night. He told it so well that we felt we had been there. He told us practically nothing about William J. Henderson. Philip Hale was one of these, and H. T. Parker.

If by accident these men also wrote well, and could be read for that additional pleasure, that was extra. Isn't it interesting that Shaw wrote some of the best music criticism of our times? Maybe the measure of the man had something to do with it.

Most criticism is useless. Some of it is misleading. Parts of it are poisonous. But, extractable from the mess, may be elixirs of enlightenment. There are disciples of the greatness and the glory of music who do serve and to whom we owe incalculable debts. They are the interpreters of the age to itself, of man's own achievements to himself—sometimes of the artist to himself. Often their articles are signed with initials, or not at all.

. . . Olin Downes wrote this the other day:

> . . . when Rosenthal, of the stocky, powerful figure, eagle-beaked, massive jawed, with black mane and Kaiser mustache, played the Liszt E-flat concerto, and Karl Muck leered over him on the conductor's stand, snapping the chords from the orchestra as a Mephistopheles would crack a whip over his minions, and the two played into each other's hands with a deviltry beyond words. Hah! The intrepidity, the dash, the saber and spur of it, the wild exhilaration, the reckless mastery of the whole business! There is probably always an extra glamour cast about some dramatic incident by a few years' time. But remembering that performance one realizes again how much of the secret of music itself evaporates with the disappear-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance of those nearest its epoch and consciousness, and what a sealed book much of the art of the past becomes when those who can creatively reveal it have gone on!

This was an important communication. In the last few lines there is a key to musical esthetics. It is a critic's business to be music's vicar on earth. Tell us about it. Remind us, as in this instance, that music is constantly being reborn in terms of the age. We can go on alone developing the idea (always a test of valuable writing). We can stop to think that were it not for the happy factor of recording, how much of George Gershwin would evaporate in twenty years, because the essence of Gershwin is scarcely on the page.

What critic has told us that we must forswear thinking of music in terms of evolution, and try to know each epoch, and each composer, not as a development of the preceding one, but as a rebirth of music, treading each time a new measure, speaking each time a new language, not better necessarily, or more advanced—just different?

Well—why don't they tell us that?

Once when I was a youngster, my piano teacher (Philipp) stopped my chilly fingered performance and said, "Listen, my dear, you must not play Haydn as if you thought Mozart a better composer."

That, I submit, is a correct order of criticism. *Because,* one sets out from there to a new understanding of music. You may draw the conclusion that Haydn was not merely an immature Beethoven, and also that the harpsichord is not just an adolescent piano in the voice changing period. Eventually, a realization that each manifestation of music is a world, separate and unique, follows.

Is somebody going to say that newspaper criticism does not pretend to be a thesis of musical esthetics, or a document of history, or a lofty interpretation of the art to the man? No? Just reporting? Well, then, for Heaven's sake, *report.* Because much contemporary criticism *does so pretend,* and does not deliver that particular bill of goods, and that's what I'm grousing about.

I am not alone, I know, when I say that many and many a time I read a critique and rise to remark: "Well, Mister, you told me little enough about that concert, but I found out a lot about *you.*" And when that happens, somebody has been a bad reporter.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

BORZOI BOOKS *on Music and Musicians*

Ernest Newman
MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS
Narratives and musical analyses of twenty-nine famous operas appealing to modern tastes. By the author of *Stories of Famous Operas* and even better than its predecessor. 600 pages. Ready March 1. $4.00

N. Rimsky-Korsakov
MY MUSICAL LIFE
An extraordinary glimpse into the musical world of Russia in the latter half of the 19th century. An indispensable source book. New edition completely revised. 550 pages. Illustrated. $5.00

Carl Carmer
AMERICA SINGS
A treasury of song and story for the whole family that tells the fascinating story of the people who built America. Stories by Carl Carmer. Music arranged by Edwin John Stringham. Illustrated. $3.00

EDITED BY
David Ewen
THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS
Twenty-nine leading composers of the various modern schools, their place, their works, their lives, with comments by the composers themselves. Illustrated. $5.00

B. H. Haggin
MUSIC ON RECORDS
How to know and select the best recordings—"swing" as well as serious music. A completely new book by the author of *A Book of the Symphony.* $2.00

Coming in April—
A TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONG by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister. Revised and enlarged edition. $5.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THERE IS NO SURER or more satisfactory method for establishing the time and the mood of a story, or a scene in a novel, than reference to a popular song of the period in question. Our greatest novelists and short-story writers have never hesitated to employ that technique. "The orchestra struck up the familiar strains of 'Whispering.' 'Remember the first time we danced to that, darling?' he asked softly." . . . "That was the year that Jack Johnson won the championship from Jeffries, and an unknown songwriter penned a song that was destined to be yodeled by barber shop quartettes for a generation. It was called 'Down by the Old Mill Stream.'" . . . "Willing hands lifted Jackie to her perch on the open baby-grand. A hush fell over the smoke-filled room. 'Along Came Bill' a voice piped from the rear. 'We all want 'Along Came Bill.'" . . . You've read hundreds of lines like that. Katharine Brush's "The Boy from Maine" and Maritta Wolff's "Night Shift" are two of the current crop of novels that employ the device.

With the hope of helping authors in need, not to mention worried editors who worship accuracy, we have compiled, with the valuable assistance of Abel Green of *Variety*, a list of the big song hits of the past thirty-five years. We print it herewith as our contribution to the *SRL* special music number. It might be worth filing for future reference.

1908

Down in Jungle Town
Shine On, Harvest Moon
Smarty
Yama-Yama Man

"Harvest Moon" was the hit of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1908. The song was introduced by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. "Yama-Yama Man" was sung by Bessie McCoy in "The Three Twins." This was also the year that Merkle forgot to touch second. Nobody wrote a song about it.

1909

Bring Me a Rose
Casey Jones
I've Got Rings on My Fingers
I Love My Wife, But, Oh, You Kid
My Hero
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet

"Bring Me a Rose" was sung by Julia Sanderson in "The Arcadians," and the conductor of Trade Winds felt the first faint stirrings of the sex impulse. This was the year of Taft's inauguration, hobble skirts, and the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

1910

Alma, Where Do You Live?
Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine
Every Little Movement
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
On Mobile Bay
Under the Yum Yum Tree

Halley's Comet appeared in the heavens, Christy Mathewson appeared in vaudeville, and we went without dinner one night for bringing home what we considered a hilarious parody of "Yum Yum Tree." (We still remember it!)

1911

Alexander's Ragtime Band
Everybody's Doing It
Little Grey Home in the West
Oh, You Beautiful Doll
Somewhere a Voice Is Calling
Too Much Mustard

The first two of these songs were written by the incomparable Irving Berlin. "Alexander" is probably the greatest hit of his life, but today, thirty-two years later, his "White Christmas" is establishing a few records of its own. What a man!

1912

Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee
It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary (destined to become England's marching song two years later)
Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss
Moonlight Bay
Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee

New Mexico and Arizona were admitted to the Union, the *Titanic* went down, and a million copies of "September Morn" were sold. Nobody noticed the picture at all until a slick press agent stationed some high-school kids in front of the gallery, and lured Anthony Comstock, the vice-hound, to the spot. At the agent's signal, the youngsters began to leer and execute well-rehearsed gestures. Comstock yelled for the police, and "September Morn" became page one news.

1913

Brighten the Corner
Don't Blame It All on Broadway
He'd Have to Get Under to Fix Up His Automobile
In My Harem
That International Rag
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Where Did You Get That Girl?

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were monarchs of the dance. Charles Chaplin made his first film. The best selling books of the year were "Laddie" and "V. V.'s Eyes."

1914

By the Beautiful Sea
I Want to Go Back to Michigan
Missouri Waltz
St. Louis Blues
They Didn't Believe Me
When You're Away

War came to Europe; "Pollyanna" came to America. So did the income tax. Fewer than 400,000 people paid it that year, but they probably hollered louder than all the millions who are doing it now. Henry Ford's "Model T" began to rattle over bumpy country roads and the Panama Canal was completed.

1915

America, I Love You
Babes in the Wood
Down Among the Sheltering Palms

"Play! Play as you never played before! Here comes Virgil Thomson."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hello, Frisco
Keep the Home Fires Burning
Pack Up Your Troubles

War songs were becoming the order of the day, but college boys discovered the lilting melodies of Jerome Kern. This was the year of "Very Good Eddie." Scott Fitzgerald mentioned it frequently later in "This Side of Paradise."

1916

If I Knock the "L" Out of Kelly
M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I
Poor Butterfly
Pretty Baby
What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?

The biggest picture stars of 1916 were Mary Pickford, Pearl White, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Francis X. Bushman, Chaplin, and Theda Bara. Best selling books included "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand."

1917

The Darktown Strutters' Ball
Deep River
For Me and My Gal
Leave It to Jane
Over There
Smiles
Egypt in Your Dreamy Eyes
Till the Clouds Roll By

America entered the war to keep the world safe for democracy. Your correspondent entered the Columbia School of Journalism. Harry Luce was a Freshman at Yale. Arthur Guy Empey's phoney story of trench warfare, "Over The Top," was the book sensation of the day.

1918

Dear Old Pal of Mine
Hindustan
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
Ja-Da
K-K-K-Katy
Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning
Tickle Toe

We're running low on space, and reluctantly will omit comments from this point forward. (We never enjoyed writing a column so much in our life!)

1919

Dardanella
How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?
I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles
Alice Blue Gown
Swanee (Enter George Gershwin!)
Tell Me
Tulip Time

1920

Avalon
Bright Eyes
Japanese Sandman
Look for the Silver Lining
Whispering

1921

I'm Just Wild About Harry
Kitten on the Keys
My Man (Paging Fannie Brice!)
Say It with Music
Sweet Lady

1922

A Kiss in the Dark
Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean
A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody
Three O'Clock in the Morning
When Hearts Are Young

1923

Bambalina
Charleston
I Love You (Three Words That Are Divine)
Sittin' in a Corner
Yes, We Have No Bananas

1924

All Alone
California, Here I Come
I'll See You in My Dreams
Indian Love Call
Tea for Two

1925

If You Knew Susie
Just a Cottage Small
Rhapsody in Blue
Song of the Vagabonds
Who?

(Wonder what's happened to that beautiful girl we took to the opening night of "Sunny?" We were broke for the next three weeks. Remember Marilyn Miller?)

1926

Black Bottom
The Desert Song
Blue Room
Do-Do-Do
Play Gypsies
Valencia

1927

Hallelujah! (Hit the Deck)
Mississippi Mud (Sung by an unknown youngster named Bing Crosby)
Ol' Man River
My Heart Stood Still (Rodgers and Hart)
Varsity Drag

1928

I Can't Give You Anything But Love
Lover, Come Back to Me
Sonny Boy
You're the Cream in My Coffee

1929

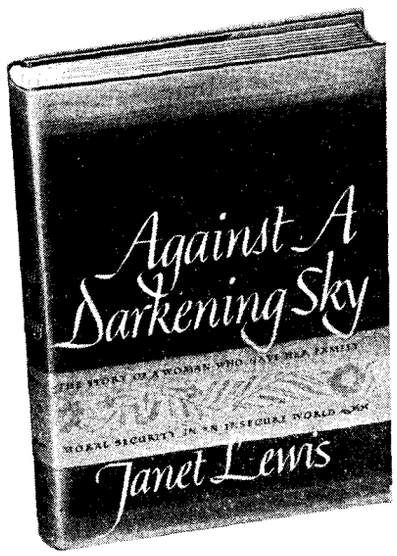
(From now on we really shouldn't have to remind you!)
I'll See You Again
Moanin' Low
More Than You Know
Singin' in the Rain
Star Dust

1930

Body and Soul
Embraceable You
I Got Rhythm
Lady Play Your Mandolin (music by Oscar Levant)
Ten Cents a Dance
Time on My Hands

1931

Goodnight, Sweetheart
I Found a Million Dollar Baby (Billy Rose)
Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries



"Will make some readers think of Willa Cather who wrote 'My Antonia'"

—CLIFTON FADIMAN
in the *New Yorker*

JANET LEWIS tells the heart-cheering story of a woman who brings her family moral security in an insecure world. Mary Perrault is an unforgettable American mother who nurtures the simpler pleasures of life so that her children will develop wholesomeness and emotional stability. How she meets the trials of day-to-day living with insight and humor, and how she faces squarely the drama of a severe crisis—these are deeply human experiences that hold a challenge for every reader.

Against a Darkening Sky

BY JANET LEWIS

$2.50

Doubleday, Doran

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peanut Vendor
Some Day I'll Find You
Moon Comes Over the Mountain

1932

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?
April in Paris
Night and Day

1933

Easter Parade
The Last Round-up
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (This, one of Kern's loveliest songs, was the hit of Alice Duer Miller's "Roberta." Bob Hope was an unsung young juvenile in this show.)
Stormy Weather
Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

1934

I Get a Kick Out of You
Love in Bloom
Stay as Sweet as You Are
You're the Top

1935

Begin the Beguine
Dancing Cheek to Cheek
Porgy and Bess
Music Goes Round and Round
You Are My Lucky Star

1936

All My Eggs in One Basket
Moon Over Miami
Red Sails in the Sunset
The Way You Look Tonight

1937

Rosalie
I've Got You Under My Skin
Easy to Love
That Old Feeling

1938

A Tisket, A Tasket
Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen
Thanks for the Memory
Whistle While You Work

1939

Beer Barrel Polka
Over the Rainbow
South of the Border
This Can't Be Love

From this point forward, you can consult the records of the Hit Parade. The 1940 songs mentioned most frequently in stories seem to be "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "I'll Never Smile Again," and "God Bless America." 1941 supplied authors looking for background with "The Hut Sut Song," "Louisiana Purchase," "I Could Write a Book" and "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." They're still praying for a war-song that will rival "Over There." Berlin, Cole Porter, Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Noel Coward, Oscar Hammerstein, and Arthur Schwartz have enjoyed a virtual monopoly on musical comedy hits for the past decade, which is all right by us.

And if you would like to have practically any one of the songs listed above sung for you, not good, but loud, you have only to telephone Marc Connelly, Frank Adams, George Carlin, Kay Swift, or BENNETT CERF.

The Flavor of the Symphony

SYMPHONY THEMES. Compiled by Raymond Burrows and Bessie Carroll Redmond. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by G. S. DICKINSON

THE purpose of this book is to provide the general listener and the student with the themes of one hundred selected symphonies in ready form for consultation and as an aid in following the music. The plan of the book is to list the symphonies, alphabetically by composer, in four separate inventories: (1) a "contents," that includes different editions and types of score in which each work has been issued, and enumerates the pertinent analytical guides and program notes; (2) a reproduction of the themes of each movement in clear and good-sized music notation; (3) a selection of recommended phonographic recordings; (4) the performing times and instruments of each work. Finally there is a bibliography of somewhat indiscriminate quality, but helpful for its references to periodicals. These materials are set forth with excellent workmanship and form, though it is not clear that anything is gained by dispersing the information in four directions instead of concentrating it in a single, self-indexing alphabetical succession.

One need have no dispute with the compilers over the representative character of the symphonies chosen. It might be imagined, however, that an equally careful selection of one hundred symphonic works, regardless of whether they bear the sacred name of "Symphony," would have been fully as useful to the general listener, who will of course encounter other types of symphonic music.

From the foregoing description it is evident that the purpose of this book is a specifically practical and a comparatively elementary one. This purpose it acceptably fulfills, though, in the judgment of the reviewer, not quite ideally. For the compilers are not entirely consistent in their choice of themes. Occasionally relatively subordinate melodies are listed, even though they are nothing more than parts of themes. For example, in the second movement of Beethoven's second symphony, the second "theme," whether the compilers intend to imply it or not, is merely the contrasting element of the binary structure in which the first theme as a whole is cast. In a few instances structurally indispensable themes are actually omitted, apparently because they do not seem to rate high enough in identity for acknowledgment.

The compilers are sometimes inconsistent in another sense also. Their principle of a neutral enumeration of themes disclaims the need of taking account of thematic behavior and relation in such a book as this. In practice, however, they break away to the extent of identifying certain themes as "introductory." But, even if one concedes that the introductory function might be worthy of recognition when no other sort of thematic quality is, there should be no such misunderstanding as is revealed in the case of the Franck symphony. Here the error is made of labeling the first two motives of the collective, doubly expounded first theme as introductory, though they are unmistakably organic "main theme" stuff in import. Another and somewhat related delusion occurs in citing the first theme of the first movement of Brahms's first symphony: the main theme is given as beginning with its second motive, presumably because its first and genuinely structural motive is viewed as possessing some sort of introductory character.

It should be acknowledged at once that in the great majority of cases the themes stated are of course *the* themes. But they are the themes solely because of their manifested functions and relations in the design. In short, the compilers, in the very act of selecting themes, have had to recognize a thematical functionalism, which however they decline to reveal directly to the listener. The ground given in the Foreword is that symphonic analysts disagree. The ground might have been given that such distinctions are not pertinent to the case of the elementary listener. Fortunately the stand is not taken that it does not matter—though there is some such slight implication.

It does matter, both ideally and, still more, practically. For the fostering of intelligent listening, on the part of even the humblest, rests on awakening in him, if only embryonically, the power to discern the characteristic and differing behaviors of musical ideas as they emerge, interrelate, change, and grow to make the expressive whole. The listener is apparently intended to do this essential thing without the active aid of this particular book. It would seem, therefore, that in addition to the good service which the book renders, a greater, and even a more utilitarian, one might have been performed, if the compilers had ventured to join the illustrious company of disagreeing analysts, had consistently selected and presented their themes in terms of the significant relations which analysis would have revealed, and had shared the result with the listener.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Conservative Interprets the Modern

THIS MODERN MUSIC. By John Tasker Howard. New York: T. Y. Crowell. 1942. 224 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY COWELL

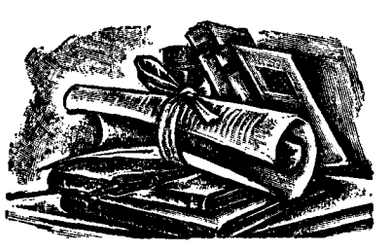
WHEN a musician known to be conservative criticizes modern music adversely, the expected has happened. When a twentieth-century composer writes on twentieth-century music, and a user of new musical resources writes a book about them, this also is something which might be anticipated. But when John Tasker Howard, solidly entrenched in conservative circles, writes a book called "This Modern Music," in which he offers his fellow-conservatives a thousand-and-one reasons, artistic, scientific, and historical, why modern music should be accepted and appreciated by them—this is distinctly news.

Mr. Howard is well known through the admirable service he has rendered all those interested in American music in his exhaustive reference book "Our American Music." This is a most valuable work. In it, however, he gives emphasis to the older and more staid composers; modernists are included but do not seem to be entirely understood by the author. It would seem, however, that his researches interested him in their views, for he presently wrote on "Our Contemporary Composers" in decidedly more friendly vein and with greater insight into their achievements. In "This Modern Music" he burns his bridges behind him and to the best of his ability goes all out for the moderns, in an attempt to explain their reason for being.

Since he himself did not care about modern music at first but later came to like it better, he makes his chief appeal to that large group of bewildered listeners who will, he hopes, follow in his footsteps. He vigorously champions the theory that all through musical history new elements have been introduced which first seemed discordant and unmusical, later concordant and musical, and he gives many amusing illustrations. "Beethoven was a shocking radical," he says. "He opened his C Major symphony, the first, with a chord from the key of F, and passed through the key of G before getting down to business in C, the ruling key of the symphony." The theory that music lovers grow to like musical materials only after having been subjected to them for some time is not new, of course. In fact, the idea was made so much of a few years ago that in most groups of modern composers it is considered boring to discuss the matter, although it is still as true as it ever was.

"This Modern Music" is made no less valuable to the average reader because many of its other ideas are to be found elsewhere. Mr. Howard, it is evident, prepared himself thoroughly for the task of writing this work by reading all available books on the subject, and in some cases it would seem that he follows very closely the plan which other authors use for presenting certain details. For example, his chapter on Debussy and Impressionism reminds one of a similar chapter in Marion Bauer's "Twentieth Century Music." The idea of pointing out the scientific foundation of both dissonance and consonance through the measuring device of the overtone series has been developed before. The same is true of several other chapters. It is to be doubted, however, whether all of the best-accepted theories of modern musical practice can be found elsewhere within one volume in so simple and compact a form. It is also true that he not only chooses good sources for his material, but that in many cases his own comments are clarifying and valuable. In two pages he explains the concept of atonality so that any intelligent amateur can grasp it. His article on polytonality, however, might confound the outsider because, before he has more than introduced the subject, he plunges into a delightful story about a radio announcer who once declared over the air: "Mr. Dohnanyi will now play another piece he wrote himself: his *Marche Humoresque* in er-er-E flat, D, C and B flat." The story is relevant and funny only because Dohnanyi's works are quite conventional and never use polytonality; but this only leads to confusion for the untutored reader!

Inexperienced amateurs are not the only kind of bewildered listener who can benefit by "This Modern Music." I recommend it heartily to those old-fashioned contemporary composers who are given to splurges of romantic, turgid discord. If they will read the chapter on neo-classicism, they will find an unusually good exposition of the progressively changing point of view of Stravinsky, along with that of others who deliberately use classical materials today. The discussion of *Gebrauchsmusik* seems rather perfunctory, and the wider social and propagandistic uses to which many composers of "music for use" put their efforts is skimmed over much too politely.



Students of the music of primitive peoples may very well disagree with the conventional idea which is flatly announced by Howard in the chapter called "From Plain-song to Swing." He says: "The human ear by nature conceives rhythm in units of two or three fundamental beats." Nearly all so-called primitive people utilize a wide variety of complex rhythms, and it is hard to imagine that they have developed this all over the world against "the human ear by nature!" And although the example he gives of a rhythm of five beats to a measure (from Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique Symphony*) is well known, the experiments of Moussorgsky, which were much more varied, might have been more illuminating to present. In either case, however, one can hardly agree with Howard that these rhythms were something which those modern composers learned against nature to do—such men were rather translating into notation that which was and is practised in folk music of Russia, as well as in the folk music of the rest of the world. The failure of musical commentators and historians to relate present knowledge and folk music to the brief history of Western music results in widespread misconceptions both of fact and proportion, which Mr. Howard, unfortunately, can hardly be expected to correct in a work of this scope.

In the chapter on tone-clusters I found a point concerning myself on which I am in entire agreement with Mr. Howard: I was certainly not the first composer ever to use tone-clusters. They were used at least as early as 1897 by Rebikov in Russia, and later by Ives and by me in the United States, each independently of the others. However, Howard made an error in assuming that Ornstein used them before I did. My first public performance of them was at the San Francisco Musical Club in 1912. I do not know of any performance of works by Ornstein which use clusters until several years later. He seemed never to have heard of them when I played several of my tone-cluster pieces for him about 1915. Other small errors of fact are to be found here and there. Certainly, however, Mr. Howard has admirably provided the average listener with the means of finding his way about in modern music with some security. The selected list of modern recordings given is particularly valuable.

In spite of many irritating minor oddities in point of view, it is hoped that "This Modern Music" will be read by everyone. All those who are interested in the subject will wish to read it, and it is specially designed to intrigue those who are not!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Art of Interpretation in Music

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC IN PERFORMANCE: The Art of Musical Interpretation from the Renaissance to Our Day. By Frederick Dorian. New York: W. W. Norton Co., Inc. 1943. 361 *pp., with bibliography and index.* $4.

Reviewed by MARION BAUER

THERE may be nothing new under the sun but occasionally a familiar subject may be presented from a new angle. Apparently for the first time, the art of interpretation has been made the warp around which the woof of music history has been woven. In "The History of Music in Performance," Mr. Dorian has made a significant addition to the growing number of books on music. He has combined the methodology of a trained musicologist with the experience of a practical musician, in a dignified, readable volume containing much valuable information.

Style in music has long been a provocative subject. How and why a Bach differs from a Beethoven. What circumstances created a Debussy. What caused Stravinsky's "objective revolt." Along the line of historical evolution, Dr. Dorian has consulted scores and documentary statements of composers in order to obtain "an authentic insight into the styles of performances and their background." He has reconstructed old performances with the help of treatises and textbooks. He has recognized contemporary literature and philosophy in every epoch as dominant forces behind the musical ideology and interpretation. He does not present another history of music, but "describes techniques, ideas, experiences, from the specific viewpoint of performance." He analyzes the changes which have taken place in the relationship between the performing and the creative artist. The present attitude has become more and more a cult of the interpreter, especially when contrasted with his role in former periods. The ecclesiastical spirit of the Middle Ages did not acknowledge the individualized expression of the performer. In the last four centuries, however, the interpreter has gradually emerged from the background, until now, he has become the star. The rights and limits of interpretation have created heated arguments.

Interpretation is objective or subjective. The subjective approach "reflects the interpreter's individuality more than it does the world of the masterwork." The objective attitude of unconditional loyalty to the script, is "to interpret the music in the way the author conceived it." The farther back we go, the more difficult it becomes to interpret scores. The composer no longer presents his own works as was formerly the custom. "Palestrina conducted his own Masses, Handel his own oratorios, Mozart his own operas, and Bach himself sat on the organ bench of the St. Thomas Church in Leipzig, playing his fugues and chorales." Directions for performance have become more and more explicit until Stravinsky compares a good conductor with "a sergeant whose duty it is to see that every order is obeyed by his player-soldiers."

Throughout the early chapters, the reader senses the musicologist, and one should be grateful for the author's elucidation of many problematic topics such as Palestrina's contribution in establishing the *a cappella* style; that of the *camerata* in the interpretation of the sung word; the difference between the new and the old style of madrigal, and the two styles of early keyboard performance; the four stages in the evolution of the orchestra from Monteverdi to the present day; the changes in interpretation of Bach and Handel; eighteenth century ornamentation, of which Dr. Dorian makes a detailed study. He also discusses suite form and the dance type, including the Viennese waltz tradition and the minuets of Haydn and Beethoven. There are many valuable details about phrasing and dynamics during the classical era, and he includes an interesting comparative table of orchestra proportions from 1770 to 1828.

A fascinating chapter is that on Tempo and Metronome, in which Dr. Dorian discusses Mozart and tempo rubato, and Beethoven and his interest in the metronome. Another on Berlioz, Paganini, and Liszt, deals with Power and Virtuosity. A chapter to give one pause, concerns "the mania for 'correcting' masterworks."

DeBillis Studios

Frederick Dorian

Dr. Dorian reports Stravinsky as demanding objective interpretation. Schoenberg, after the last war, was the founder of a club designed "to give modern music of all styles and opportunity to be heard in the right interpretation, and to provide the club members with the chance for full appreciation even of the most complex progressive scores." He speaks of the new notation to be found in Schoenberg's scores and of his use of "song speech."

The author does not enlarge on new methods of technique such as atonality, polytonality, neo-classicism, *Gebrauchsmusik,* or dissonant counterpoint. Obviously he does not regard them as means of interpretation. But under the title of New Gateways of Interpretation, he elaborates on electric performances surrounded by extraneous factors which "impose new interpretative conditions on the musical executant." He considers that "the next logical step is special scoring and composing for the individual conditions of mechanical reproduction," such as radio and record performance. Television will overcome invisibility as a factor influencing interpretation. In musical performance in films, "the old problems of coördination, associated with the opera since its birth, appears again in a streamlined variation." Dr. Dorian wisely states that when composers of standing like Schoenberg, Shostakovitch, Gruenberg, Toch, Copland, Eisler, Korngold, etc., write scores to accompany motion pictures, he is reminded that in the past too, "it was the acknowledged composer and not just a specialized craftsman who made the important musical contribution to the theater."

The American Scene is a short chapter with many condensed ideas which might be enlarged upon. Dr. Dorian, who has been in this country only a few years, seems to have become orientated to his adopted environment. "The historian of a distant future," he writes, "will probably evaluate American music as an entity that to our day is still indiscernible," but he recognizes American compositions based on folklore, and speaks of "the terpsichorean spirit of Latin America" as having vitalized the music of the Western Hemisphere. He entitles Jazz, "A Return to Improvisation," and states also that "leading North Americans choose from cosmopolitan elements for the material of their expression.

The Epilogue is devoted to a discussion of our national anthem.

The Council of Books in Wartime is initiating a publisher-author radio program, to be heard every Saturday at 6:45 P. M. over WMCA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book of the Piano

NOTES ON THE LITERATURE OF THE PIANO. By Albert Lockwood. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press. 235 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD RHODES

THE publication of a posthumous work is not always a kindness to an author. This book, several times rewritten by Mr. Lockwood and left in an incomplete state at the time of his death in 1933, has been presented to the public without the addition of new material to bring it up to date. In a charmingly written introduction the author disclaims any attempt at encyclopedic coverage of the piano literature and states, "If this book will guide taste and stimulate the spirit of adventure, the inclination to browse in strange pastures, and the esthetic curiosity indispensable to artistic growth, it will achieve its aim." Addressed to students and teachers "guilty of a certain mental indolence and consequent lack of scholarship in the matter of becoming acquainted with the piano literature" it occupies itself with a field that has long been eschewed by serious writers on music.

In a few nostalgic paragraphs Mr. Lockwood pays his respects to Tekla Bardarczewska, composer of "The Maiden's Prayer," Mr. DeKontski, sire of Op. 115, "The Awakening of the Lion," and other journalistic purveyors of *Weltschmerz* and emotional purgatives in an age of naivete before proceeding to a more serious consideration of the great Titans and the host of secondary figures who have created such a voluminous literature for the piano. Even a cursory perusal of the body of this book should suffice to inspire the student to a happy exploration of music that has been outside his experience. The list of compositions of such forgotten men as Dussek, Hummel, and Clementi, and the little essays which summarize their work make pleasant reading.

One hesitates to accept Mr. Lockwood's guidance as a mentor of taste. After reading that Scriabin's later compositions as a group "may be compared with the Well Tempered Clavichord and with the sonatas of Beethoven or the works of Chopin, for it represents another peak in the literature" one shudders at the thought of the mentally indolent student and teacher rushing to the music store to procure in quantity the works of this fevered Russian, long defunct. In evaluating the piano music of Haydn the author writes, "The only work of Haydn the pianist need study is the Variations in F minor, which is certainly his most important work; it is effective in recital," thereby displaying not only an appalling insensitiveness to the delicacy and charm of this Viennese master, but a norm of value (effective in recital) which has been operated too long in determining the teaching repertoire of the piano studio.

In the domain of American music Mr. Lockwood frankly begs the question by giving "a list of what seems important, omitting comment." Of the major contemporary composers, Bartok, Prokofiev, and Ravel are the only ones who have rated discussion, this despite the fact that Cyril Scott, Ireland, Bax, Bridge, and Goossens have been treated at length. Perhaps Hindemith, Stravinsky, Schonberg, Shostakovitch, Sibelius, and others might have been included had the author lived to revise his own manuscript. The use of the term "atonal" to "designate a style of writing in which the harmony is difficult to define," the discussion of the Clavecinists, the essay on Debussy, sympathetic, though it is, lead one to question not only the author's taste but his scholarship.

"Notes on the Literature of the Piano" will undoubtedly give much pleasure to Mr. Lockwood's many friends and former piano students but its value and usefulness as a guide is questionable. The format and printing of the book is a delight to the reader and the University of Michigan Press is to be congratulated for the making of a fine book while being taken to task for the advertising ethics which allow the author's modest and accurate title to be inflated on the jacket to a "comprehensive guide to the rich realm of compositions for the piano."

BUY BONDS

don't wear them

"One grand bout of absorbing story-telling, a novel as packed with violent excitement as a time-bomb."
—Charles Lee, *Phila. Record*

The Gaunt Woman

by EDMUND GILLIGAN

"Not since 'Captains Courageous' has any story of the Newfoundland Banks held my attention as thoroughly as Edmund Gilligan's magnificent yarn."
—Sterling North, *Chicago News*

*160th Thousand**

**A Literary Guild Selection*

at bookstores $2.50 Scribners

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Men on the Podium

DICTATORS OF THE BATON. By David Ewen. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1943. 305 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHALMERS CLIFTON

MR. DAVID EWEN is already well known as an informed and urbane writer on a variety of musical subjects. He has a smooth clear style, free from snobbery and egotism, examining his temperamental subjects with tolerance and friendliness and when his enthusiasm is kindled, as in two notable instances in his more or less intimate portraits of virtuosi of the baton, his writing has engaging warmth and persuasiveness.

"Dictators of the Baton" is shrewdly planned, neither as a work of pure scholarship, although the scholar will note between its covers much invaluable information, painstakingly gathered, nor as a superficial, popular book of reference of which there are a distressing number, full of trivial judgments and inaccuracies. He is writing for an intelligent public, none of whom will find it difficult to read this book which for the professional and amateur musician is of absorbing interest and timeliness.

There is a short introductory chapter in which the position of the conductor of the present day is analyzed, a position which commands the greatest influence, municipally, regionally, and nationally. Mr. Ewen does not seriously question whether this influence is invariably in the public interest. He does, however, recall some of the hysterical exhibitionisms of the twenties, when one super-maestro after another arrived on these shores, each determined, apparently, to outdo the other in loudness or softness, fastness or slowness, a veritable orgy of competitive vulgarity, encouraged by a public greedy for this sort of tonal bread and circuses. Mr. Ewen might have recalled the instance in Carnegie Hall, in the closing chorale of the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, when five trombones, on the last and highest platform on the stage, rose from their seats with clock-like precision, pointed the bells of their instruments pugnaciously in the direction of the gallery, and subjected the delighted audience to a pitiless and nerve-shattering blast.

We have progressed, although I doubt that we are quite so near the millenium as Mr. Ewen would lead us to believe. The late Richard Aldrich, commenting on salaries of fifty, seventy-five, and even one hundred thousand dollars for conductors, used to deprecate, not so much the salary, as the desperate effort of the conductor in question to earn it. Mr. Ewen discusses conducting from memory and with score, with a reasonable and judicial estimate of the pros and cons. I am grateful that he reminds his readers in passing, of a very great conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, who, whatever his failings as an individual, approached his calling with the dignity, integrity, and impressive scholarship which the "Conductors for Tomorrow" of whom there are many more than the three, for whom Mr. Ewen has found a place, might well take as a model.

There is a great deal of pertinent information in this introductory chapter, which is a curtain raiser for "Paragon" who, as you may have guessed, is none other than the fabulous and legendary Mr. Toscanini. In this chapter, Mr. Ewen is at his best. He has an unqualified admiration for the great Italian and writes with tolerant affection of his outbursts of temperament, his moods of frustration which some more literal minded individuals might qualify as plain bad temper. It seems to this reviewer that Mr. Toscanini's excellencies are founded on no mysteries whatsoever. With a secure reputation as a conductor of opera, he arrived in the United States to take up his duties in a city which was surfeited with a long procession of rival guest-conductors who had subjected the arch familiar classics and the few contemporary composers, to whom they may have made a disdainful gesture, to a thorough manhandling. Into this confusion, Mr. Toscanini brought a prodigious memory, a respect for the composers' intentions, expressed or understood, a sensitive ear, and an endless capacity for work. I leave the reader to Mr. Ewen for a kindling description of the more ecstatic and indefinable elements of Mr. Toscanini's art. After "Paragon" Mr. Ewen discourses upon Stokowski, Koussevitzky, Mitropoulos, and Iturbi. The picturesque and volatile Sir Thomas Beecham, whose many brilliant qualities are reviewed under another heading, might well have been included in this category. Mr. Ewen evidently feels for the profession of conducting and its many practitioners, such an abiding affection that he is able to make use of the caption "The Showman Conductor" with cool objectivity and no apparent distaste. His admiration for Mr. Koussevitzky, the conductor of the incomparable Boston Symphony, whom he examines under this heading, is only second to that for Mr. Toscanini. In the case of the mercurial Mr. Stokowski, Mr. Ewen's generous enthusiasms are decidedly qualified. The reservoir of even Mr. Ewen's enthusiasm is exhaustible. However, Mr. Ewen assembles his criteria in an effort to separate what is capricious and ephemeral from what is stimulating and valuable in this supremely talented musician.

After "The Showman Conductor" Mr. Ewen proceeds to evaluate some of the lesser luminaries in his constellation, whose light may not shine so brilliantly, but may prove at least as enduring. It is a little hard on the genial and musical Walter Damrosch to make his sole virtue the "selling" of music to the American public. To this reviewer music is still an art, not a commodity. Surely Mr. Damrosch's ripe and well-nourished musicianship has other virtues. However, in his evaluations of those of the thirty conductors considered who do not occupy so much of the front stage are to be found Mr. Ewen's best critical judgment. The hero-worshiping public which listens only too often with the eye, rather than the ear, and finds that it must lift its musical demigods to dizzy heights, in order to enjoy its concerts or even broadcasts, will read the chapters on Toscanini, Koussevitzky, Stokowski, Mitropoulos, and Beecham with the most avid interest. A more reserved intelligentsia will find more solid meat in the chapters on Reiner, Walter, Iturbi, and Busch. Mr. Ewen pauses at the end, to give a well deserved pat to Izler Solomon, Sylvan Levin, (who has done yeoman work with the Philadelphia Opera Company), and Dean Dixon.

Mr. Ewen has written a valuable and readable book. The layman reader will find it easy going, since whenever the subject matter becomes technical, it is sweetened with anecdotes, and in the case of Sir Thomas Beecham, a few amusing flashes of wit.

A guide for the bewildered listener—

THIS MODERN MUSIC

By John Tasker Howard

"Mr. Howard is one of the most competent and devoted historians of American music and modern music in general. In *This Modern Music* he explains with clearness and simplicity the *new* music of our day."—JOHN ERSKINE in the Herald Tribune *Books*.

$2.50 at all booksellers

T. Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Men Behind the Podium

THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS. Edited by David Ewen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 560 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

ANYONE who is interested in modern music—and who isn't, if "modern" is taken to include the whole gamut from Rachmaninoff to Schoenberg—will find "The Book of Modern Composers" a succulent dish. For Mr. Ewen has selected twenty-nine of them and serves them up complete with portrait, short biography, personal note, critical survey, and direct quotation under the heading "The Composer Speaks." The portraits are excellent, the biographies adequate, and the critical comment often fresh and stimulating. The best feature of the book, and the one which gives it its importance, is the material written by the composers themselves.

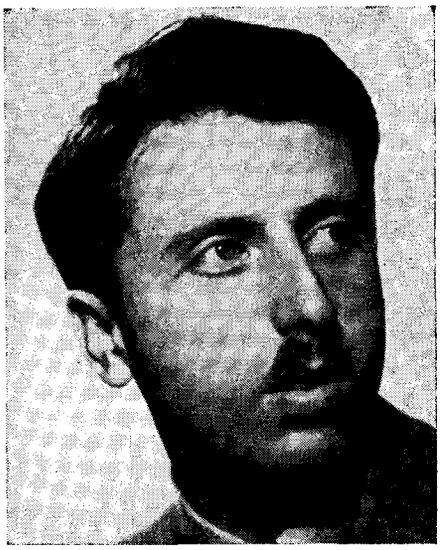
The gift of literary expression is not universal among composers, Berlioz and Schumann to the contrary. There are cases where a composer like Wagner or Stravinsky is articulate enough but seems to miss the point of his own music. But even if he appears muscle-bound or pompous, a special pleader or a misguided critic, it is interesting to read what a composer thinks about music.

As may be expected the counsel of these widely differing composers is divided. If one arranges opinions side by side the effect is like a debate. For instance on the subject of "modernity" versus conservatism Villa-Lobos says; "I do not care for Schumann or Brahms, for the reason that they kept on employing methods that were known before their time. I only ask that the maker of a piece be original." Schoenberg unexpectedly replies; "There is no such distinction between old and modern music. All music, in so far as it is the product of a truly creative mind, is new."

Emphasis of technique in modern music is endorsed by Hindemith who says; "There seems to be an impression that there is today too much technique. It is my impression that there is not nearly enough technique." Milhaud feels differently; "Anyone can acquire a brilliant technique. The important thing is the vital element —the melody—which should be easily retained, hummed and whistled on the street. Without this vital element, all the technique in the world can only be a dead letter." Krenek is striving for "a new genuinely polyphonic way of thinking" but Sibelius states flatly; "The error of our day has long been its faith in polyphony."

On the subject of emotional content in modern music, Ravel while admitting that the young radical composers show some power and originality dismisses their music because "it has no heart and no feeling." Copland replies; "New music in general reflects just as much emotion as any other kind of music, but the quality and intensity of emotional expression has changed."

Twenty-nine composers are discussed in the book. There will be general agreement as to the importance of at least fifteen of them, although the omission of Debussy when Elgar and Strauss are included seems curious. In selecting the fringe composers Mr. Ewen or his publisher is perhaps overly impressed by European reclame. In a book designed for the American public we could hardly expect prejudice in favor of the American composer, but we might reasonably ask that those composers be included whose works are most often heard at our concerts. Here, from the records of a reliable statistician are the performance figures of twelve hundred and eighty-five concerts by the sixteen major American orchestras for the season of 1941-42. Five of Mr. Ewen's second-flight composers, all Europeans, appear in the top column. In the column below is the score of five Amerimans, apparently not sufficiently important for inclusion in the book:



David Ewen

EUROPEAN

Number of Performances

Composer A	0
Composer B	0
Composer C	0
Composer D	1
Composer E	6
Total	7

AMERICAN

Number of Performances

Composer A	4
Composer B	12
Composer C	14
Composer D	17
Composer E	24
Total	71

Heites Villa Lobos, celebrated Brazilian composer, and Dmitri Shostakovich, brilliant young Russian composer, have been elected honorary associates of the Institute of Arts and Letters, according to an announcement by Arthur Train, president of the Institute.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 461)

HOWARD W. ODUM:

AN AMERICAN EPOCH

It was all a normal problem of social culture, essentially an American problem, and secondarily a southern one. The South was different but it should be different. . . . It was the South but it was the American South of the United States.*

*Of 1930.

JUST PUBLISHED

STORIES FROM THE GREAT

METROPOLITAN OPERAS

Illustrated by TENGGREN

→ *By Helen Dike.* Stories of 25 operas from the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera. 100 superb illustrations, 40 in full color. $2.00

RANDOM HOUSE
20 E. 57 St.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Music Flows with the Stream

SONGS OF THE RIVERS OF AMERICA. Edited by Carl Carmer. Music arranged by Dr. Albert Sirmay. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 208 *pp.* $3.50.

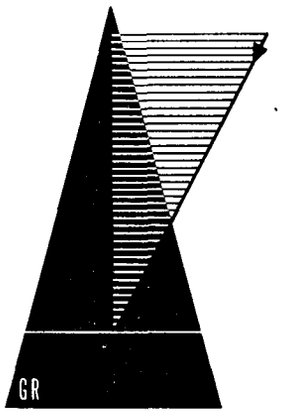
Reviewed by VIRGIL THOMSON

IN his preface, Carl Carmer quotes Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's dictum, "A river is more than amenity; it is a treasure." This reviewer would like to suggest that so is an old song and to point out that the present book has not conserved its treasures in anything like their pristine state.

Intrinsically the collection is excellent. It contains 98 lays and ditties, some traditional and others of known authorship, all having to do poetically with fluvial America and most of them melodically indigenous. The book is printed practically enough in piano-music size and ornamented by woodcuts and line drawings of charming quality. Unfortunately the contents have all been subjected to a process that is denominated on the title-page as "arranging" but that reminds this reviewer of nothing so much as what a restless housewife might accomplish by having all the family pewter silver-plated.

Not one song but has had a chromatic harmony in the Biedermeier style pinned over it like an antimacassar. Dr. Sirmay has taken as his model the folk-song harmonizations of Mendelssohn and of Brahms; and he has applied this purely Germanic recipe (invented for Germanic material) to songs of Scottish, Spanish, Irish, Welsh, and Negroid melodic origins in a way that would be comical if it were not so depressingly consistent. In some cases melodic outlines have been questionably transcribed. In every case traditional harmonizations have had ninth-chords and passing modulations added. Even signed songs by Stephen Foster, a composer whose musical works have acquired through a century's usage the currency and the indelible patina of folklore, have been rewritten in the German Romantic taste.

If such re-surfacings were merely a matter of inappropriate chromatics, they might be considered as tolerable for their old-world quaintness, much as Mr. Elie Siegmeister's modernistic accompaniments to similar melodies are similarly accepted when they seem to represent *tant bien que mal* the mannerisms of a dissonant epoch. But Dr. Sirmay's chromaticism is used to contradict rhythm, to dislodge American song from its bed rock; and the result is grave. This sort of thing is not new to the folklore world, though



the rewriting of signed and famous compositions has never anywhere been considered scholastically proper. Indeed, the irresponsible harmonic dressing-up and consequent rhythmic deformation of common tunes is considered nowadays to be an ignorant procedure.

The researches of scholars into authoritative texts and variant versions of traditional melodies and the consistent efforts of our best composers to write accompaniments capable of explaining each song's essential rhythm and modality are well known. Fifty years of field-work and reflection have produced a real improvement in the standard methods of harmonizing American song lore. Dr. Sirmay would seem to be unacquainted with all this. He "arranges" his diversified and racy material as if it came, all of it, from the Swabian hills and as if the technique of melodic analysis —and the harmonic practices that derive from this—had not advanced one tittle beyond the preoccupation with stress-and-strain content that made the Viennese composers of a century back blind to all that was not predominantly graceful or quaint about their own musical folkways.

Americana in Song

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND. By F. W. Gaisberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 273 *pp.* $3.

HUMOR IN AMERICAN SONG. By Arthur Loesser. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1942. 315 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

MR. LOESSER'S book is an interesting addition to the group of anthologies of American song which has appeared in recent years concurrently with the new rise in America's musical self-respect. Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag" is perhaps the outstanding example, but others have come, and the fad for musical local color, which in its early stages was no doubt self-conscious, even eccentric, is turning to a real and natural appreciation of the homey musical spirit of America itself—the sort of thing which long ago achieved dignity in the literary field.

This book, while neither original nor a work of real scholarship, has several contributions to make. The cumbersome distinction between folk song and art song is abolished, thus bringing such worthies as Stephen Foster down from an uncomfortable perch between the two. The music has been grouped in a number of easy categories, each with its descriptive essay, ranging from songs of the Revolution through "hill-billy" and adopted British types, Negro and white minstrel songs, college humor, patriotic music—a refreshing mixture. A nice touch is a page-long humorous dialogue printed as the traditional accompaniment of the well-known *Arkansas Traveler*. The editor's emphasis on humor seems unnecessary, for humor, as well as tragedy, comes as a matter of course in American life as reflected in this music. The musical accompaniments are very simple and in good taste.

Mr. Gaisberg's reminiscences of a long life as a phonograph impresario will fascinate those who collect ancient records or who cherish memories of the great personalities who played or sang or bellowed into the acoustic horn; but for others his narrative may prove too much on the one-anecdote-after-the-other side. The continuity is bad. As a universal, on-the-spot impresario Mr. Gaisberg journeyed interminably hither and yon over the face of Europe and Asia, and the consequent crossing and recrossing of his narrative is not conducive to any sort of literary unity.

Yale Series of Younger Poets

The Yale Series of Younger Poets announces the opening of the annual competition for the Yale Series of Younger Poets, edited by Stephen Vincent Benét. Any American poet under thirty who has not previously published a volume of verse is eligible. Manuscripts should be forty-eight to sixty-four pages long, and should be sent before March 1, to "The Editor, Yale Series of Younger Poets, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut." The winning volume will be published by the Yale University Press, and the author will be awarded a prize of $100 in addition to royalties.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folk Song from Many Lands

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG. By Leonhard Deutsch. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1942. 430 *pp.* $5.

THE folk song is the common denominator of all love of music. The most militant prejudices whether toward simplicity or sophistication, classicism or modernity usually succumb without a struggle before its unpretentious beauty. And yet curiously the thought of a new collection of folk songs is not exhilarating but depressing, for almost invariably these anthologies are a disappointment. Two types are generally recognizable. The first is a rehash of the same old songs that have been battered into insensibility by the radio or by the various types of musical malpractice known as community singing, and their charms have quite the wrong effect upon the savage breast. The other type of collection is one in which ethnology, prosody, and musicology parade about in lordly fashion and mere music is a secondary consideration.

Dr. Leonhard Deutsch with the assistance of some felicitous collaborators has given us a new and most agreeable type of folk song anthology. Dr. Deutsch is a musician and scholar from Vienna who out of a lifelong devotion to the folk song and vast experience in the field has assembled a collection based "on strictly musical and artistic principles." He disclaims any attempt "to run the gamut of subject matter or musical style of any folk group." His criterion is "not folkloristic, not chauvinistic—it is purely musical." The result is a volume which for continuous and sustained musical delight would be hard to equal. It is difficult to describe in sober language the excellence and importance of "A Treasury of the World's Finest Folk Song." This is a case where the reviewer is trapped in a bottleneck of superlatives and is appalled by the thought that something said or unsaid might give the reader the wrong idea. For this is a good book, a very good book, and simply stated my advice is run (do not walk) to the nearest bookseller and order a copy *now.*

This is a collection of songs, most of them unfamiliar, from the principal nationalities of Europe, with five little known American songs tossed in for good measure. After you have played them over you will agree that *treasury* is no hyerbole either. Dr. Deutsch is a rare connoisseur and in making up this collection he has apparently included only those songs which have brought him the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Admittance to the pages of his anthology is like receiving a card of admittance to a Morgan Library or an Uffizi gallery of beautiful music. The accompaniments are simple and playable and the harmonic settings are just right. The volume should be a delight to professional and amateur alike.

While naturally the main emphasis is upon the music, the other features of the anthology are all of them excellent. Mr. Willard Trask has made the translations into English with skill and understanding. There are informative and interesting comments on the music of the various countries by Dr. Claude Simpson of Harvard University. Best of all there are illustrations by Mr. Emery I. Gondor which are completely enchanting and filled with the spirit of the music.

But the music itself, the "infinite riches in a little room," here is an art speaking in a universal language, one of the imperishable monuments of our Western civilization. With this record before us, this proof of the warmth and beauty of human existence, how can we be downhearted? Nations capable of producing music such as this can never be submerged in the brutality of a master race. These are the songs of an all encompassing, all understanding, all conquering human spirit. In the difficult days to come they will be a source of infinite strength and inspiration to the world.

—D. M.

Leonhard Deutsch

THE CONTRIBUTORS

DOUGLAS MOORE, professor of music and executive officer of the Department of Music, Columbia University; author of "Listening to Music," "From Madrigal to Modern Music"; composer of "The Pageant of P. T. Barnum," and "The Devil and Daniel Webster."

PAUL HENRY LANG, professor of musicology, Columbia University, in charge of graduate studies; author of the recently published "Music in Western Civilization."

WALLACE BROCKWAY, co-author of "Men of Music" and "The Opera: It's Creation and Performance 1600-1941," and co-editor of "A Second Treasury of the World's Great Letters."

HENRY BELLAMAN, author of "King's Row," "Music Teacher's Notebook," and former executive officer of Curtis Institute and Juilliard School. He made a reputation in the field of music before he turned to the novel.

RICHARD S. ANGELL, Librarian of the Music Library, Columbia University, associate professor of the School of Library Service; contributor of various articles in the music library field.

GEORGE S. DICKINSON, Chairman of the Department of Music, Vassar College.

MARION BAUER, assistant professor of Music, New York University, author of the popular juvenile, "How Music Grew," and "Music Through the Ages."

HENRY DIXON COWELL, composer and former Director of Music for the New School of Social Research, lecturer on Music at Stamford University and Mills College, California, author of "New Musical Resources" and "The Nature of Melody."

VIRGIL THOMSON, noted composer of "Four Saints in Three Acts," and music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune;* composer of numerous musical portraits.

CHALMERS CLIFTON, well-known American composer and conductor and crusader for American music.

WILLARD RHODES, Associate in the Department of Music at Columbia University. He is a specialist in the field of American Indian music; he is a former member of the U. S. Department of Indian Affairs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

Arthur Guiterman

A GOOD man of verse is gone. His work could stand without apology beside the work of Thomas Hood in the old days, nor is that tribute small. He had, of course, the touch of his own time, the contemporary flavor. His rhyming was infinitely adroit, his wit and good humor, a perennial spring. The things that Arthur Guiterman knew how to do in verse take a lot of learning. There was no pose about him. He wrote unashamedly for the people, so that they could understand him. He could write a serious ballad like "Quivira" with a swing and ring to it—and his "Daniel Boone" has that too—which I am sure would have drawn praise from the Macaulay of "Horatius" and "Ivry." The poems that begin his "Lyric Laughter," "Strictly Germ-Proof," "The Quest of the Ribband," "Pershing at the Front," "The Legend of the First Cam-U-El," have all become classics of light verse, as have other ingenuities of his. He composed those immortal lines upon the Pilgrims,

> They fell upon their knees, and then
> Upon the Aborigines.

I'm sorry Arthur is gone. He went in a brave way, trying to keep a date to lecture on "The Bravery of Laughter." He said, let him rest a few minutes and he would go on. But then Arthur had been an athlete in youth, at college, and a notable walker, mountain-climber, and tennis player in maturity. He had what it takes—for life and for literature.

He was a happy man; happy in his marriage; happy in his profession. We shall miss a fine craftsman, a courteous gentleman, a merry companion.

At breakfast the other day, we received a couple of large important-looking documents in the mail. One we recognized as from the Treasury Department. We started reading to our wife a series of questions: "In what condition is your health? What is your reaction to making contacts, talking to strangers? How long have you been writing? Are you an active church worker? Make a circle here. Put a dot in the center of the circle. Multiply 8 by 12 and if the answer is over 90, circle the second E of this word provided the word is misspelled —" "For Heaven's sake," said our patient wife, "What is that you are reading? The work sheet of the new Income Tax?" "No," we answered, "It's the 'Writer's Market-Propensity List' from the 'Comfort Writer's Service' out in St. Louis." One thing we'd like to tell that same service: when they talk about "reactions" and "making contacts," they are not talking the language of literature, but the horrible jargon of "go-getter" business. . . .

We are glad to print the following poem by Felix N. Gerson, which comes to us from the Franklin Inn Club, Philadelphia:

ISRAEL IN POLAND

A voice within me calls and pleads:
"Speak then the word, if thou canst speak;
The word the bitter moment needs,
Ere all too pale the stricken cheek—
Rouse thee from golden dreams and be
Valiant to right long misery!

"By many ways thy brethren come
From out the wondrous, troubled past,
Dull-eyed with unshed tears and dumb,
Each woe more cruel than the last.
To-morrow's fear they almost seek,
Speak thou their word, if thou canst speak!"
Give then the harp, and let me sound
The chord that to men's ears may bring
Thy plaint who totters to the ground
Pallid and wan for suffering.
If thy great grief it would reveal,
Strong be the harp, with strings of steel.

For gloomed in rayless night the crime
Words cannot utter stamps thee down—
The scapegoat of eternal time
In sunlit field or cruel town—
For thee the panther of mankind
With thirst for blood grows deaf and blind.

For thee the savage teeth gleam white;
For thee the streets incarnadine;
Thy babes are strangled in thy sight,
The lips grow cold that once knew thine.
And all the pent-up misery
Of anguished ages falls on thee.

On thee, who in that distant day
Was named God's messenger on earth,
To speak His word and point the way
Of righteousness and human worth.
Must Sinai's thunder once again
Reveal His will to sons of men?

In His own time, in His own way,
God's truths will wake the souls of men,
And all the grief of yesterday
May hold a new requital then,
Yet in my day the unleashed word
Shall in my verse again be heard!

The Out-of-Town Muse

John Valentine of Decatur, Illinois, says that our ambition to celebrate the President in verse is praiseworthy, but we are too late. "James Roy Lowe done such a pome 'way back in 1935 ('Roosevelt and Other Poems,' Meador Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.) Funny you missed this, as his artistic reputation was firmly established by the publishers' blurb on the dust-jacket: 'From the fleecy white cotton fields of North Carolina, has arisen a new star on the poetical horizon." . . . Charlotte Swanson of Ames, Iowa, writes in to take exception to certain poems the *S.R.L.* has published, and encloses some verse to Gremlins. They go, sort of, "Gremlin, themlin: Why is Hitler tremblin'?" We hasten to add that we have the gremlins ourself. They get into our typewriter, mess up the keys, throw paper clips on the floor, lose important letters. They are neatly dressed in green, wear double-breasted coats, and have beards like the Cambridge Poets. . . .

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Modest Hint

By Arthur Guiterman*

"I LOVE your poems so!" she sighed, the dear!
With one of her most devastating looks,
"I clip them out whenever they appear."
But she won't buy my books.

"You're not," she said, "in my anthologies
By Smith, or Jones, or Robinson" (the crooks!),
"I must buy Thompson's; maybe you're in his."
Why can't they buy *my* books?

"Do let us have your autograph!" they plead
When you are weary and on tenterhooks;
"It's such a treat to hear you speak and read."
But not to own my books.

"Those lines you read are vibrant," murmured she,
"With all the ecstacy of birds and brooks;
I wish that you would write them out for me."
She'd find them in my books.

By those who dance the piper must be paid,
And those who feast should compensate the cooks.
So if you really like the songs we've made
Perhaps you'll buy our books.

*Arthur Guiterman died on January 11.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Concern of Poets

SIR:—Would it be high treason to suggest, now in time of war, that the poet as such, and to the extent that he wishes to practise his art, must remain aloof from this conflict? I don't mean that his ivory tower is immune to high explosive or that he is exempt from his country's call to man our barricades alongside the bartender, the lawyer, the cobbler, and the gardener. I do mean that the poet cannot be expected to throw grenades with one hand and write poetry with the other —to say nothing of doing both with one.

The pen, especially the poet's pen, is mightier than the sword precisely because it is not a sword; and the same mold will not produce bullets and sonnets.

It would be better, I think, that our poets stop their ears to Mr. Archibald MacLeish's bugle call and continue on as "irresponsibles." Better even for our war effort. Read Edna St. Vincent Millay's little poem written a long time ago and entitled "God's World," compare it with her "Lidice" published in your magazine a few weeks back, and say which of the two is worth fighting for.

Perhaps I should hedge my sweeping generalities. Aloofness does not mean callousness or indifference. Certainly no poet can read, unmoved, the story of Lidice. This war, any war, must shake him to the deepest core of his being. That seismic experience may inspire great poetry. Yet the plane on which and from which the poet writes must be lofty, above the battle, aloof. Alan Seeger's "I have a rendezvous with death" and Rupert Brooke's "If I should die think only this of me" are fine, soldier's poems, war-inspired; but see how they transcend, both in subject and tone, the immediate holocaust.

There is no mystery here. The verities which Herr Himmler and his Gestapo futilely assault are proper subjects of poetic expression, Herr Himmler and his Gestapo—these ephemerae —are not. Robert Frost put it wisely when he said that poets are concerned with griefs, not grievances.

Probably in the present breach it is more important that we kick the tar out of Herr Himmler and his mob than that we be given first-rate poetry. If so let us give the poet a gun and send him forth like any soldier in the service of his country. But let us not ask him to stab the enemy to death with his pen point.

WILLIAM L. HASSETT.

Des Moines, Ia.

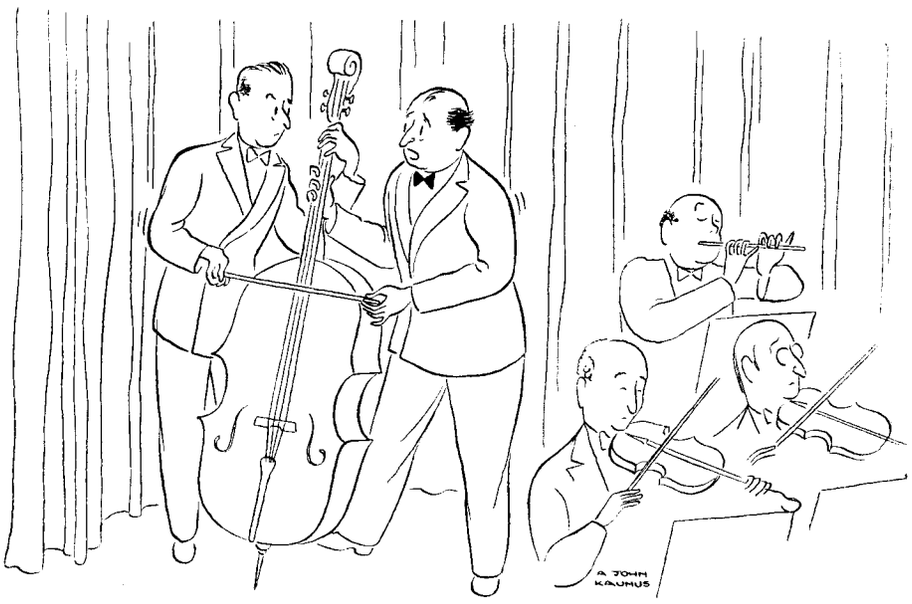
Martineau Items

SIR:—I am glad that the review of Harriet Martineau's "Society in America" (in your Christmas Number) was assigned to the sympathetic and capable hands of Mr. Calkins. It is probably not entirely a coincidence that Harper's facsimile of the book appeared while I am nearing completion of a bibliography of Miss Martineau's separately published works.

This year I expect to have the bibliography published in the New York Public Library *Bulletin*. I hope some of your readers may know of a private collection which can help me with some titles I'd like to locate and examine. Their kind assistance will be appreciated.

JOSEPH B. RIVLIN.

New York, N. Y.



"Spending that week at the lumber camp was the best idea we ever had."

Literary Prophecies

SIR:—In connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Guy de Maupassant in 1943, I submit a brief note on the question of literary prophecies.

The feature literary article of the *Illustrated London News* for January 10, 1892, was devoted to Guy de Maupassant. George Moore, author of the essay, concluded his study by asking his reader if he thought "his (Maupassant's) novels, or even his stories, full as they are of all the charms of simplicity, truth, and directness, would survive—that any single volume would be read fifty years hence."

In the United States alone the year 1942 saw Maupassant published as follows:

1. "A Woman's Life," by G. de M., translated by Marjorie Laurie, with an introduction by Edmond Jaloux, and illustrations by Edy Legrand. N. Y., Heritage Press, and London, Nonesuch Press. One of the "Ten Great French Romances," selected by a committee of ten living French writers.

2. "Maupassant's Apparition, A Source and a Creative Process," by Otis Fellows, *Romantic Review,* Feb. 1942, pp. 58-71.

3. "The False Gems," by G. de M., *Encore,* Feb. 1942, pp. 42-47.

4. "Moussia and the Melancholy Bull, Letters of Marie Bashkirtseff and G. de M., *Encore,* June 1942, pp. 620-626.

5. "My Uncle Sosthenes," by G. de M., *Encore,* Aug. 1942, pp. 129-134.

6. "Hayr Milon" (Armenian translation of "Le Père Milon"), by G. de M., Gotchnag (*Armenian Weekly*), Oct. 10, 1942, pp. 1270-1273.

7. "Le Père Mongilet," by G. de M., *Revue de la Pensée Française,* Sept.-Oct. 1942, pp. 18-22.

I should be glad to hear from *SRL* readers who know of other Maupassant material appearing in this country during the past year.

ARTINE ARTINIAN.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Whose "May Day"?

SIR:—Perhaps my poetic I.Q. is bad, but in the "Literary I.Q." for Nov. 7th, the lines (6) attributed to Teasdale's "May Day," certainly didn't sound like her Fifth Avenue number. However, there was a faint essence of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Pear Tree."

Quote:

In this squalid, dirty door year,
  Where the chickens, scratch and run,
White, incredible, the pear tree,
  Stands apart and takes the sun,
Mindful of the eyes upon it,
  Vain of its new holiness,
Like the waste-man's little daughter
  In her first communion dress.

E. P. SANDO.

Scranton, Penna.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHICH ROUÉ in the field of literature would critically befriend young Viennese stricken with "the talent which is death to hide"? **Box 833-G.**

IS THERE ANOTHER VAGABOND or two who would like to do part of the South and Mexico early this spring on the cheap? Yale '29. Box 834-G.

YOUR FAMILY COAT OF ARMS hand painted original colors; ten by thirteen, beautifully framed. Godfrey H. Baldwin, Heraldic Artist, Bridgehampton, New York.

WE HAD OWLS, but they're gone. But the lake and woods are still here and so is a five-room apartment. Thirty minutes on L.I.R.R. Rent, $70. Box 828-G.

WOULD CORRESPOND with those familiar with ideas of mysticism. Box 736-G.

BACHELOR—Genius invites correspondence from sensitive, expressive and/or screwball females. Box 830-G.

READ THE NEWS weekly for writers. Five weeks' trial 20 cents. Free Lance Bulletin, 218 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

VISIT CAPTIVA LODGE on beautiful Captiva Island, tropical paradise in the Gulf of Mexico, off Fort Myers, Fla. Noted for swimming, fishing, shell hunting, sailing, sun bathing. Moderate rates. Write for booklet.

YOUNG LIBRARIAN, B.L.S., desires summer work. Box 831-G.

WOMAN, BRUNETTE, ordinary human being, desires correspondence friends. Box 832-G.

WRITER SEEKS COLLABORATOR—assistant. Young woman of serious interests, e.g.: social ideologies. Box 53, Holicong, Bucks County, Pa.

AT THE RISK OF BEING repetitious we want to tell you that Hotel Algonquin, New York City, is a regular TRANSIENT hotel where you may stay for a day, two days or longer. Longer the better. Room rates from $3.50. Doubles from $5.00. The Algonquin is on West 44th Street, half a block from Fifth Avenue. Pleasant walking distance of many places you want to visit.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

NEW YORK BOUND? No sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenettes—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN wants "different" correspondent; seeks genius, will settle for superior vocabulary. Box 829-G.

AT PRADE GUEST RANCH in sunny Texas, peach trees bloom in February. There's lots of milk and chickens and the wood box is full, although noondays average 68 degrees. Bring the children. Troubles will be far away. Address just Prade Ranch, Texas.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

IS THERE A GIRL with a sense of humor, liberal minded, who desires a masculine correspondent? Box 836-G.

YOUNG WOMAN wants strictly epistolary gambol with reasonable man. Box 837-G.

BUSINESS MAN, college graduate, wishes pleasant feminine correspondence. Box 838-G.

BACHELOR, versatile, ambitious, would hear from southern girl. Box 839-G.

WANTED: WHY NOT RENT, for few months, perhaps longer, to woman alone, your cozy, warm, quiet, clean, furnished, Manhattan apartment with fireplace—state price, heat, exposure, steps. Box 841-G.

BOOK PUBLISHER WITH A HEADACHE? I write well, constructively judge manuscripts, read proof, prepare copy for printer, handle correspondence—type when necessary. DON'T USE ASPIRIN, write Box 819-G.

LET ME HAVE VIEWS why Moslems in America are mostly bachelors.—Editor, MOSLEM CHAPLAIN LETTER, Lyons Village, Jamul Post Office, Calif.

If you are not receiving your copy of The Saturday Review as promptly as in the past, please bear in mind that we are doing everything possible to maintain the highest possible standard of service to our subscribers. However, wartime burdens on our transportation systems have made for delay. We ask your indulgence in the matter of slight inconvenience but would appreciate hearing from you if you consider the delay unreasonable in the light of present conditions.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
Subscribers' Service Division

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

LANGUAGES

SPANISH WRITER, recently returned from South America, desires translating Spanish-English, English-Spanish or tutoring in Spanish. CHelsea 3-1683.

BOOKS-BY-MAIL

ANY BOOK EVER PRINTED. Rare books located free. All books quoted promptly. Cash orders prepaid. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues. 20c.

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

THOSE BOOKS SO HARD TO FIND! Scarce and out-of-print books located through routine, persistent, country-wide combing of book markets. No charge for service or obligation to buy. Prompt response and reasonable prices. Mailed anywhere post-free. SEARCHLIGHT BOOK EXCHANGE, 22 East 17 Street, New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE. Dept. No. 300, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

LITERARY SERVICES

NATIONALLY KNOWN NOVELIST, critic, will edit, read manuscripts or give instruction in writing. Box 835--G.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK—Manuscripts typed correctly—Books—Plays, 342 Madison, New York. VAnderbilt 6-0492.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

BOOK TALKS WRITTEN. Astoundingly low rates. Mr. Johnson, 2008 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ROVING SECRETARY. Extensive publishing experience, indexing, manuscript typing, stenography, editorial advice. Winifred Clark, 143-16 Sanford Avenue, Flushing, New York.

LITERARY AGENT FOR 23 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison, at 40 St., New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GHOSTWRITER, literary assistant (woman). Books, articles, speeches, important letters. Excellent experience with authors, national magazines, public relations organizations. College educated. Typist. Part time or freelance. Box 840-G.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates. Yellow Springs, Ohio.

TWELVE different Rockwell Kent bookplates, 25c. Greenland Press, 711 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS AND FIRST EDITIONS. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

RALPH B. DORT, Norfolk, Conn., and Mrs. W. H. Bonner, Buffalo, as "Webster Defenders" write that in the *New Words* section is *allergy* with its common connotation. Thus do I learn that not merely new words but old words with new meanings are treated in that section. Mr. Dort quotes: "Popularly excessive sensitiveness to certain substances, as germs, pollen, food, hair, or cloth, to mental or emotional excitement, or to physical conditions, as excessive cold, which are harmless to most people." What more can one ask?

Anne C. Taylor, New York, apparently no New Deal lover, doesn't see why Roosevelt's use of *discombobulate* should in the least affect its status. Steven T. Byington, Ballard Vale, Mass., "draws attention to the fact that the 'Dictionary of American English' lists it as a variant form, said to be the New England form of *discomboberate,* for which quotations range from 1837 to 1890. *Discombobulate* was the form known to my Vermont father in the 1880's. To be sure, the dictionary marks it as 'obsolete slang.' But when Professor Kittredge was using a word and was challenged with 'Webster says this word is obsolete,' he replied, 'How can it be obsolete if I use it.'"

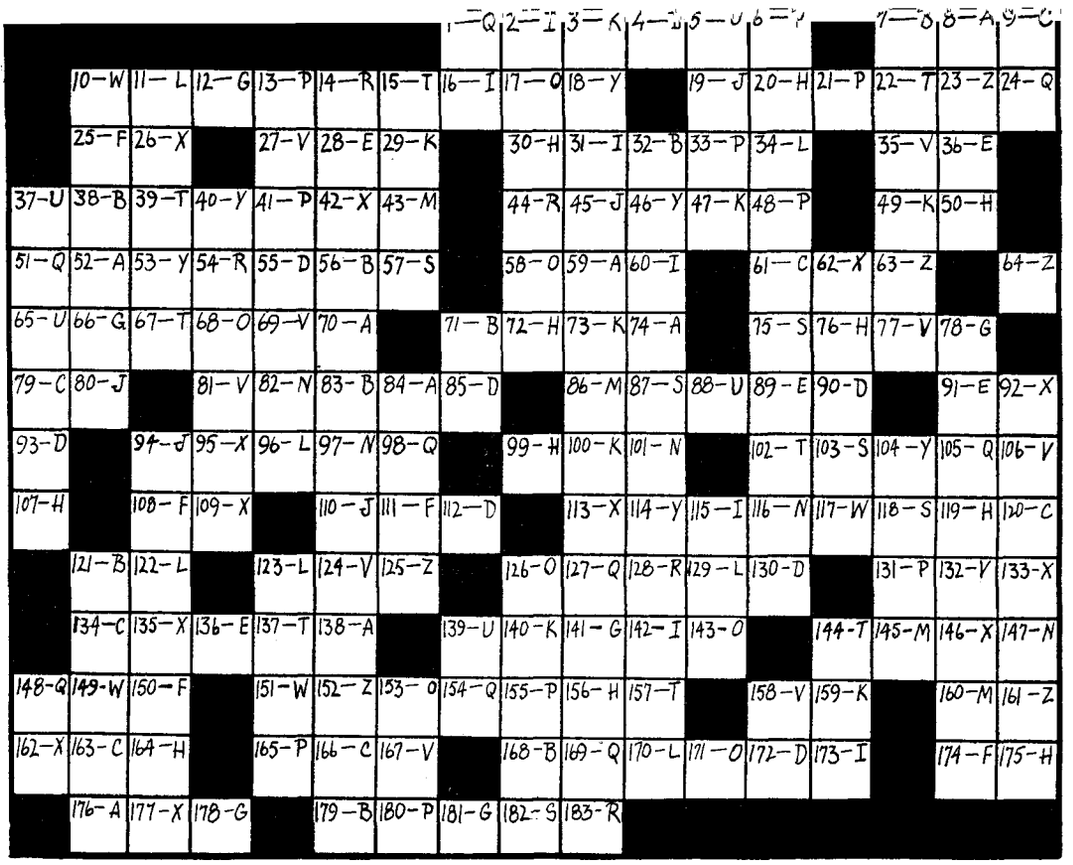
Dr. John Cummin in true explorer spirit continues his research into our Dunne signature. Among several documents signed F. P. Dunne, he says: "Curiously enough, however, in 'Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils,' Scribners Sons, N. Y., 1919, on the reverse page is the following:

> Copyright 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
> Copyright 1909, by H. H. McClure & Co.
> Copyright 1910, 1912, 1913, 1914, by *P. F.* Dunne.

I dare say F. P. A. who wrote an introduction for a collection of Dooley stories, could settle the matter once and for all.

"P. S. I also find a page from a N. Y. book catalogue (unfortunately not named or dated) which gives: *44. Dunne (Peter Finley). Mr. Dooley in Peace and War: 1898—First Ed.*"

In a recent letter to the *SRL* a subscriber censures my use of only one dictionary as authority and my ambiguous use of the term Webster—which edition, he asks? To his first stricture I reply: I use but one authority to avoid a useless correspondence such as deluged my first years of DC's. After weighing the values of so-called standard dictionaries I decided that Webster's N. I. best suited my purpose and I still think so. I rely on our puzzlers to take us afield and they assuredly do not disappoint us! Since in the directions accompanying each DC I note that the N. I. 1940 is my authority, why use my limited space to repeat it in my column?



Double-Crostics: No. 462

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words: therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 29 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To depart suddenly (slang—2 wds.)

B. Part remote from the centre.

C. A race of reputed giants of ancient Palestine.

D. A person or thing worthless through deterioration (2 wds.)

E. One of the original Siamese twins.

F. Dutch poet and historian (1581-1647).

G. "Variations" by Elgar (music).

H. The Land of Nod—a state of sleep (comp.)

I. Scotch poet ("The Seasons").

J. The excess of a calendar over a lunar month.

K. The third of a series of wells dug by Isaac (Bib.)

L. Claptrap; bombast.

M. Famous early Empire of Peru.

N. Seat of the English Derby races.

O. Character in "She Stoops to Conquer"—(last name).

P. Heavy or oppressive burden.

Q. Overbearing; dominant.

R. Jonathan Edwards wrote some "On the Mind."

S. Dissertations substantiating a specific view.

T. Overbearing exercise of power (2 wds.)

U. Collectively, highly trained soldiers.

V. Clockwise; very early (phrase).

W. A potpourri; medley.

X. Russian-American composer, pianist, conductor (1873-).

Y. A warning; reproof; rebuke.

Z. A father-son relationship in Dickens.

WORDS

84 52 70 8 176 74 59 138

121 83 7 168 56 71 32 38 179

120 9 163 79 61 166 134

93 112 55 85 172 4 130 90

89 28 91 36 136

111 108 25 150 174

178 181 141 12 78 66

107 76 20 164 156 50 119 99 175 30 72

60 2 16 115 173 31 142

80 45 19 94 110

47 29 100 159 49 3 73 140

122 170 34 123 129 96 11

145 43 86 160

101 116 147 82 97

153 17 126 58 143 68 171

6 180 48 33 131 13 41 155 165 21

105 51 98 148 24 154 169 127 1

14 44 54 183 128

75 87 103 118 57 182

137 15 102 144 22 39 67 157

65 5 37 139 88

81 35 27 124 158 132 77 167 106 69

151 149 10 117

95 162 113 177 146 42 92 135 62 133 109 26

40 46 18 53 114 104

161 23 64 152 125 63

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Angell PLACES A WEAPON IN OUR HANDS.

This challenging book presents clear and rousing answers to the vital questions John Citizen is asking today. In a work which may do more to influence the war and the peace than any other book of our time, we are given the answers needed for victory and a clear statement of the part the citizen plays in shaping the future. By the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. *Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for February.* $2.50

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW

"Brilliant piece of historical biography," says Lincoln Colcord of this great work about Russia's conquest of Alaska. A major book of the season. $3.

by Hector Chevigny

LORD of ALASKA

BEMELMANS

His best seller to date has delighted his fans and won thousands of new admirers. Inimitably illustrated by himself. $2.50

I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!

UPTON SINCLAIR

The most exciting of his modern novels takes us behind the scenes of events which changed our world. $3.

WIDE IS the GATE

A CLASSIC IN OUR TIME

The best-loved novel of 1942 is becoming the best-loved novel of 1943. Now in its 487th thousand. $3.

by FRANZ WERFEL

The Song of Bernadette

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 E. 48th St., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED